THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXXVII.

" My dear old Lady,

" THE honor you have done me in giving a place to my letter of last month, encourages me to hope, that a continuation of my summer tour will not be unacceptable. Weary of riding, walking, talking, and seeing the *lions* of the Peak from Buxton, which it was thought proper to make our principal station for nearly ten days, we afterwards proceeded to Matlock, whose romantic beauty neither pen nor pencil can reach. Even Darwin gives but a faint image of this spot, when he says, in his Loves of the Plants,

Where, as proud MASSON rises rude and bleak,
And with mishapen turrets crests the Peak,
Old MATLOCK gapes, with marble jaws, beneath,
And o'er scar'd DERWENT bends his flinty teeth;
Deep in wide caves below the dangerous soil,
Blue sulphurs flame, imprison'd waters boil.
Impetuous streams in spiral columns rise
Through rifted rocks, impatient for the skies;
Or o'er bright seas of bubbling lavas blow,
As heave and toss the billowy fires below.
Condens'd on high, in wandering rills they glide
From Masson's dome, and burst his sparry side;

Round his grey towers, and down his fringed walls,
From cliff to cliff, the liquid treasure falls;
In beds of stalactite, bright ores among,
O'er corals, shells, and crystals, winds along,
Crusts the green mosses, and the tangled wood,
And sparkling plunges to his parent flood.

"I thing you like poetry, old Lady, or you will not thank me for such a long quotation. I assure you it is very pretty; though I declare to you, even with the scenes it describes, immediately under my eyes, I could not perfectly understand what the author meant to be at.

"We found here, however, a comfortable hotel, good company, and all the *agrémens* that could reasonably be expected in such a sequestered and remote situation. As for bathing, or drinking mineral waters of any kind, I wholly abjure them; and therefore can give you no account of the virtues and qualities of the baths and springs at Matlock, or any where else from my own knowledge; but if you are troubled with the *rheumatism*, a complaint very common at your age, I should imagine you might derive great benefit from some of these hot springs, and I would advise you to try them.

"After many pleasant walks on the banks of the Derwent, and inspecting the cotton manufactory at Cromford Mills, and whatever else was worth notice within a circle of several miles, we began to yawn, and to be sick of rude and still scenes, and to be anxious for another change. Accordingly, we turned our horses' heads towards London; not with any thoughts of stopping there, but because it is the direct thoroughfare to almost every other place. Finding ourselves within a few miles of Cambridge, as we had seen Oxford in our tour, we thought it as well to visit that University also, just to be able to speak of the Granta, and the buildings that line its banks, when such dull subjects might happen to be brought into conversation. Cambridge, as a town, is contemptible

temptible when compared with Oxford. Its zig-zag narrow streets seemed scarcely to allow elbow-room, or any exit, as they always closed at short distances; yet we saw, even during the middle of the long vacation, a considerable number of *dry sticks* strutting about in gowns and caps; and some few young smarts, who were probably doing penance here for their errors and omissions in term time.

"The Senate House, the Public Library, and King's College Chapel, which groupe together in a very happy style, have really a splendid effect; but the colleges in general are heavy, inelegant structures; and several of them being built of brick, gave us the idea of spacious alms-houses, rather than seats of learning. As for the Granta, so celebrated in Cantab poetry, it is such a muddy, dead-looking stream, that I should nauseate having my tea-kettle filled out of it. It seems scarcely to have any motion, and certainly is by no means comparable to the Isis; though I really wonder that either should be the source of inspiration, and the favorite haunts of the Muses. These ladies must have a very gloomy taste, to be charmed with the one or the other. When the Isis rises to the dignity of the Thames, it is really a fine river; and at Westminster, before it is so much polluted with ships and tars, it may be thought capable, when viewed with its accompaniments, of awakening the poetic fire.

"A day was enough, and more than enough, to see all that was worth seeing in Cambridge; and having satisfied our curiosity as far as we wished, we proceeded towards London, in order to hold a council of war there in regard to our future operations.

"Our arrival being known to our friends, they speedily assembled to pay their respects; and a pleasant additional party proposing to take the tour of part, at least, of the watering-places on the coast, we agreed to travel in company, and in a short time we were set down safe at Margate.

"This place has risen to some distinction, particularly with citizens, who are conveyed here in hoys, much more crowded and offensive than slave-ships. But then it is Pleasure that invites; and dangers and inconveniencies are overlooked, when that dear goddess gives the word of command. Independent, however, of cits and their families, we found many genteel people here; and the number of new buildings, the increase of shops, the accommodations for visitors of all ranks and descriptions, and the variety of amusements, shew that this is a thriving place, and that its inhabitants are getting rich on the follies and dissipation of strangers. But, perhaps, I ought not to cast reflections of this kind; yet surely, my good mother, there is a wide difference between persons of fortune taking their pleasure, in order to get rid of their time and money, and people who are neglecting their business, and at the same time squandering away the money that ought to pay their creditors. Besides, what signify gay places without taste? I doubt whether you, with all your knowledge and wise saws, have a gusto for elegant amusements; or, as you will, perhaps, call them, in your satirical way, the amusements of elegant people.

"You will tell me, perhaps, of jackass races, and of ladies delighting to take their airings on that still *untaxed* animal. But ladies love to be free; and you know the story of riding the great house-dog; they are fond of running counter to advice, like the patient, headstrong beast which they begin to think it fashionable to ride. But I am getting to dear Brighton, and cantering away on my Jerusalem poney, before I have yet left Margate.

"I presume, however, in your younger days, you may have visited that watering-place, and therefore I shall not enlarge farther on the subject, except to tell you, that if you knew it twenty years ago, from every account I have received, you would scarcely take

it

it for the same. It was then a baby—it is now a giant, like many others of its upstart brethren.

"Ramsgate, a growing rival and neighbour, is chiefly remarkable for its pier. It has, however, an air of elegance, and is more fashionably filled than Margate.

"I will not detain you with military parade at Dover. It is too late for you to think of lovers, else there were many charming fellows among the officers at that place, enough to make your old heart beat to a tune it must have once understood, though now forgotten.

"At Hastings and Eastbourne, we saw little to amuse, or to stop our progress. They were well filled: and it will in a few years probably be impossible to find any fishing-town on the coasts of the British dominions, that is not resorted to by bathers. Like colonies, when an original establishment grows too large, a restless set of adventurers proceed in quest of new settlements, and there in time pour forth their superfluity, and people other neglected regions.

"We next arrived at Brighton, where Fashion has erected her throne, and Elegance is her hand-maid. It is truly a *princely* place, and is excellently adapted for those who have plenty of money, time, and constitution, to spend or throw away. It is so well known, however, that it would be needless to describe it to you. Suffice it to say, that we have spent a month here already, and almost regret that our plan of going farther along the coast, obliges us to think of leaving it very soon. At Brighton, we have felt no languor, nor want of society. My next will conclude the correspondence of yours,

"Rosa Rhodiola Ramble."

ELVIRA.

[From the French.]

THE lioness, though the most savage of the brute creation, having brought forth her young ones in a den which she had before carefully chosen, does not imagine that to have borne them for a certain time is *all*, and that after their birth, her concern with them is at an end: far from leaving them to the care of a stranger, she suckles them; and no sooner are they capable of eating, than she scours the wilds, and generously exposes herself to procure them food: she accounts not her duty done, till the strength and ferocity of the young lions shew that they can live without her protection.

The linnet, the most fickle, wanton, and coquettish of all the feathered kind, giddy to a proverb, seems at the approach of spring, to lay aside her distinguishing character; foreseeing at a distance her laying-time, with what skill and assiduity she employs herself about her nest! What neatness, strength, convenience, I could almost say luxury! The winds roar, houses are laid in ruins, the earth shakes with impetuous storms; whilst the little nest, suspended at the extremity of a weak branch, is fixed to it by such a mechanism that nothing can hurt it. The laying-time come, she sits on her eggs. Throughout all Nature, the female's domestic care is relieved by tenderness, industry and officiousness in the male; while she communicates the necessary warmth for hatching her brood, the cock procures her nourishment. At length the brood is hatched, and the sight of them kindles all her tenderness; how fondly does she warm and cherish them! Do they begin to eat? Behold, ye fathers and mothers, her dexterity in feeding them: no humour, no freak, no partiality, is observable in her; all equally partake of her indulgence. With what

what patience does the kind mother sympathise with their weakness! she neither scolds at the awkward, nor deprives them of a single bill-full to lavish on the others. When the little linnets are nearly fledged, see how the delighted, sprightly mother flutters before them, intimating to them, boldly to take wing, and follow her through the liquid air; and what cannot example do? The little ones are soon determined by that of their mother: after a few trials, they take their parting flight, and look out for themselves.

These examples are too remote to make much impression; not one in an hundred ever saw a lioness; and a linnet, though well known to us, is but little regarded: it is necessary to present a scene that has fallen under every one's observation.

In the same seat, and at the same time, the operations of Nature are seen the same in their causes; though, through human depravity, extremely different in their consequences. Puss has just kittened in the loft; *Diana* has brought forth two puppies in a lodge on the stair-case; and *Elvira*, in her apartment, has given birth to the heir of the name, honors and estate of the family.

Out of Puss's six kittens, the knot of servants have kindly thought of drowning four. Upon the first appearance of an enemy, she starts, her eyes flame: day and night she is found ready to oppose an invader. Before these *deliveries*, the cat and *Diana* lived pretty sociably, but now all their natural animosity revives; nothing but snarling and threatening is observed, if they chance to see each other.

Poor Puss, drained by her six sucklings, finds there is no holding out any longer without food, but that she must leave them: she puts off to the utmost, an absence of which her tender misgivings forbode the sad consequences: at length she brings herself to resolve on a cruize; yet she does not set out precipitately, leaving her little ones at random: before she stirs from the loft, she reconnoitres every corner against

against any ambush or surprise, and, in running down to the kitchen, is full of the saddest ideas about the loft-door, which she is unable to secure: she trembles while she is eating; and, after hastily swallowing a bit or two, scours away to her nursery. Alas! advantage has been taken of her absence to execute the plot, and carry off four of her litter. She comes, in an effusion of tenderness, to distribute among them those nourishing juices with which Nature fills her for the sustenance of her young ones. What a terrible sight is here for the tender-hearted puss! She drops a restorative which she had pleased herself with the thoughts of eating in quiet near them, and, without indolently making an end of her meal, animated by the agonies of maternal fondness, she leaves every thing; and, in the tumult of her despair, almost forgets the two that remain, to hie away in quest of the other four, which seem, by being lost, to become dearer to her than before.

She ferrets about every where, no place escapes her search; she squeezes through the smallest holes; flies from the stables to the wood-house, from thence to the cellars, offices and apartments: her pitiful mewings intreat every one she meets to restore her young ones. Puss, so fierce in her loft for their defence, fawns and crouches to find them again. Vain are all her pains, all her arts; they are for ever lost.

She bethinks herself of the two that were left; their helpless condition calls her back; and in them she finds comfort. She breeds them up with the greatest care and indulgence; and when able to bear a little play, with what gentleness and caution does she fondle them! She acts over again all the tricks of her youth to divert them, and is the fond, tender, and careful mother even in their sports: nor does this indulgence abate, till she sees them able to follow her into the kitchen, and there provide for themselves.

Diana, in her lodge, is not less mindful of her young than puss; at the least noise she is upon the look-

look out; but being a favorite of her master, she is not put to the trouble of fetching food: precaution, however, is necessary in bringing it to her; and her meat must be laid by the door; for should even her keeper offer to come a step nearer, he would surely see, if not feel, her teeth: so shy and wild is this creature become, who a few days before was all play and fondness.

Very far is she from meeting with the same disaster as puss; had she ten puppies, not one of them would be touched: *Diana* is the truest, swiftest bitch; there is no being overstocked with such a breed; they, therefore, suck their mother, and grow up beside her in perfect quiet, till they are fit to be trained for the field. Now they are, indeed, out of the house: but mind the care of *Elvira's* husband, that his greyhounds may not be stolen; the business is too important to be trusted to any other person; he himself puts about their neck a ribbon, sealing the tied ends with his signet; and could it better secure them, he would procure the Great Seal; then a minute account is taken of all the spots and marks, by which he may know them again, when they are brought to him from their tutor. Here's exactness! here's concern! and about what? about making sure of two dogs of a promising breed.

Now pass we on to the third event; doubtless, the most interesting and curious; but its consequences the most unnatural, and the most blameable: follow me into *Elvira's* apartment. Hush! tread softly; let not the floor feel your feet; this chamber is not to be entered without a kind of veneration, it is the temple of silence and rest: even women here never speak without being under an absolute necessity, then surely a man ought not to move a lip. Oh! but let me ask you, which came you to see, the mother or the child? If curiosity, to have a sight of the new-born heir of so great a name, has brought you hither, let us draw towards that bed of state; it is certainly there

there that the dear infant lies. Oh! simple man! you thought to see the baby at its mother's breast: where have you lived? a villager could not be more ignorant. What did you imagine yourself in some cottage? Must you be taught, that the ladies are not sensible of their being mothers any longer than while they are with child? and that over, the duties, and almost the very name, are quite out of their mind.

Is the fruit of *Elvira's* love thus already denied a place in her bed? what more could be done were it the offspring of her hatred? But so tender a point is only to be glanced at; let us leave it to the reflections of the parties concerned.

Elvira, inclosed by curtains, and indolently stretched on the softest down, shews no consciousness of her being a mother; the babe, without the least concern, she has delivered up to a nurse. Besides the dangers to which the little creature is exposed in the hands of a strange woman, her blood (perhaps none of the purest) will be incorporated with his: the expression is too weak; 'tis from that suspicious blood that the infant's body is to receive a kind of new formation. Can the mother, with any reason, imagine that this woman, who rates her attendance at a guinea a month, will think herself obliged to deal more tenderly with her son than she herself has done, especially after such a pattern of neglect and cruelty?

Puss and *Diana*, mothers truly worthy of being such! Here is none of your affection, of your concern, for your little ones; it is with pleasure I reflect again on your cares and anxieties.

Suspend your censures awhile; possibly *Elvira* may not be able to suckle her child. Oh, no, no; you are quite mistaken! it is no such matter! she overflows with the kindly juice; she complains of the quantity; yet, rather than let it issue in a healthful and natural manner, she flies to dangerous methods to divert the course, and dry up the spring.

How!

How! it is now four long days since *Elvira* was brought to bed, and all this time her tenderness can bear him in the house: he is not yet removed to the nurse's hole of a room; surely, in her motherly affection, she has thought fit to repeal the barbarous order for its banishment. No, no; it is only respited for a few days, till the arrival of a Duke, who is to stand godfather.

At length the long-expected godfather arrives; the pompous ceremony is over; and now the babe is to be committed to the care of *Hannah*, the shoemaker's wife. Here will naturally occur the father's cautions against changing the favorite *Die's* puppies; nor were those cautions any wise blameable in a keen sportsman, who, knowing what a rare bitch she is, would secure her breed for himself. But what can be said for his indifference about his son, the only heir of his name and estate, and perhaps the only one he ever may have? He is carried away, without any account taken of the marks by which he may be known when he comes from the nurse. Should he die, should *Hannah* put one of her own in his stead, how would the cheat be cleared up? That seems the same to him; let but a child be brought, possibly, whosesoever's it be, the changeling may belong to him as much as to another. But what must we think of *Elvira's* husband? why, that he is more of a sportsman than a father. And who would swear that he was any thing else? However that be, this query does not reach *Elvira;* hers is the sure side.

The beautiful *Elvira*, after soaking six whole weeks, has the pleasure (and she is not a little elate with it) to see in her glass, that her lovely face has received no damage, that not a feature is enlarged, nor her admired youthful lustre in the least dimmed. The sparkling eye, the idolized freshness, the lilies and roses, the pride of her heart, retain all their beauty; and her fine breast, set out to the best advantage, has lost nothing of its colour or its form: she congratulates her-

self with conscious pride; her heart leaps with the idea of making her public appearance, without the odious, invidious compliments of condolence on her being so much altered; and, pleased to find herself so well got over her state of motherhood, she firmly resolves within herself, in case of a second pregnancy, which she will however venture at, to be no more a mother than she was before; nor even to think of it, but in a melancholy mood.

A PARODY.

PROVERBS, CHAP. XXXI.

Verse 10. WHO shall describe a woman of fashion? Her value is only in her jewels.

11. Her husband would fain place trust in her; but she maketh his property her spoil.

12. She will do him more evil than good all the days of her life.

13. She seeketh powders and paint, and with her hands willingly she maketh cosmetics.

14. She bringeth food and raiment from afar, that it may be more costly: nothing homely, or cheaply purchased, pleaseth her.

15. She riseth at noon, and scoldeth her maidens: the rest of the day she idleth unprofitably.

16. She considereth a piece of china, and buyeth it, and squandereth her husband's money in vanity.

17. She girdeth not her body with modest raiment; her apparel is loose and indelicate.

18. She maketh her house the resort of gamblers; her candles burn, and give light to evil doings.

19. She layeth her hands on the cards; yea, eagerly her hand divideth the pool.

20. She stretcheth out her hand in the idle dance: her knee bendeth not in the house of prayer.

21. She

21. She is not afraid of slander; for her household are clad in gorgeous liveries of cloth and gold.

22. She maketh herself coverings of net-work, her draperies are transparent gauze.

23. Her husband is known at Doctor's Commons, where he is seen conversing with the Proctors.

24. She maketh card-purses; and delivereth tickets of invitation for masks and revelry.

25. Flowers and feathers are her ornaments; for she delighteth in vanity.

26. She openeth her mouth to utter evil words; her tongue retaileth scandal.

27. She looketh not to the ways of her household; they riot in waste and idleness.

28. Her children are nurtured by a stranger, and respect her not. Her husband, too, he despiseth her.

29. Many women do foolishly; but she is more blameable than all.

30. Fortune, birth, and beauty, might have raised her above all others; but she is the child of Folly.

31. Her conduct should, therefore, have made her a pattern for all women, and her works would have praised her in the gates.

Now let her go her way, and fear the Lord, lest the fruit of her doings be upon her.

SOLOMON THE YOUNGER.

THE FERTILITY OF GENIUS.

WHEN Apelles drew the portrait of Antigonus, who had lost an eye, he judiciously took his face in profile, that he might hide the blemish. Not less was the caution of Vandyke. The Countess Dowager of Exeter had no eye-brows. To conform to a vicious taste, that would have been miserable to have seen the *status rei*, he put a gauze veil over the forehead of her picture, and the hem of it concealed what is called the defect of nature.

CRAFT AND CRUELTY PREVAILING OVER JUSTICE.

[Continued from page 267.]

CONSOLING as was the assurance of Doctor C—'s friendship, yet it did not diminish that curiosity inherent in the human mind; and young as I was, I felt its effects acting so powerfully, that, to have gratified its longing impulse, I would willingly have consented to work for my bread. For three days and nights I was kept in a state of torture; hope and fear alternately reigned; and though Doctor C— gave but slight encouragement to the former sensation, yet I could not help flattering myself with the idea, that my ardent prayers would be received, and that the friend of my infancy would be spared to protect the creature whom she had so fondly reared. Delusive were those hopes; vain were the supplications which, in the fulness of my heart, I offered up to the Throne of Grace; for, eager to burst the bonds which had so painfully confined it, her spotless spirit took its flight.

The recent traces of sorrow upon the worthy physician's countenance, too plainly imparted the melancholy truth. "Poor boy! (said he, observing my agitation;) your faithful, your tenderly attached friend is gone; but you must comfort yourself, by reflecting, that she will receive the reward of a well spent life. I have promised (continued he) to become your protector, and most sacredly will I fulfil my word; but Darnley is a character which must be cautiously dealt with; for, alas! I fear you are too much in his power."

Grief for the loss of my benefactress so entirely occupied all my faculties, that every spark of curiosity vanished from my mind; and the only notice I paid this observation, was a violent flood of tears. Though

a messenger had been dispatched to Darnley, he did not arrive until within a few minutes of his wife's death, who, from the time of the fit having seized her, never recovered the power of speech. She once, it is true, had endeavoured to articulate, and motioned to have a bunch of keys brought; and pointing to a profile of mine, which hung over the chimney, she attempted to select a key from the string; but a sudden faintness overwhelmed her, and no trace of recollection ever afterwards appeared. From this circumstance, however, Doctor C— conjectured, that she was going to intrust him with some papers which would have been of consequence to me, and he had carefully concealed the keys for the purpose of examining a small cabinet in which he imagined they were kept. This intention, however, Darnley completely frustrated, by demanding the keys the moment her breath had fled, and at the same time ordering the cabinet to be carried into his own room.

That sagacious maxim which says, "Never defer till to-morrow that which can be done to day," in this instance proved of the highest importance; for the neglect of it was the means of casting a shade over my whole life; for had Doctor C— availed himself of the keys whilst in his possession, the important secret of my birth would have been fully known.

Though Darnley was informed, by his servants, that the worthy physician had taken me to his house, yet he never made the slightest inquiry after me, or even gave orders that mourning should be prepared. This mark of delicate respect to the memory of my benefactress, however, was unnecessary; for Doctor C— undertook to furnish me with every necessary article of dress; and a few days after the funeral, he proposed my accompanying him to Mr. Darnley's. Averse as I felt to this visit, I knew it was a mark of respect which I ought to pay; besides, it was from Darnley alone that I could become acquainted with my future destiny, which I was peculiarly anxious

to know. The servant informed us he was in the garden; we met him at the spot where that fatal letter had been found, which had exposed to my view the blackness of his intention, and the innate depravity of his heart.

"I have brought poor Henry to see you, (said my kind conductor;) he was anxious to inquire after your health." "*Poor* indeed, (replied the wretch in a contemptuous accent.) Still, as he was a favorite with my wife, I shall not withdraw my protection from him until he is able to earn his own bread. When does your school commence? (he inquired in an authoritative accent, without even deigning to look at me whilst he spoke:) these vacations (continued he, addressing himself to the physician) actually destroy the good effect of schools; and I do not intend, for the future, to let that boy come home at all."

Doctor C— differed from Darnley's opinion; and observed, that relaxation from study added vigour to the mind; and that children who were not in the habit of visiting their relations, seldom felt the force of affection or esteem. I was ordered to collect my books, and informed, that on Saturday a servant should attend me to school; and I received a kind of surly permission to spend the intervening time with my friend; who, in the kindest accents, desired me to leave them, as he wished to have a little conversation with Mr. D—. That I was to form the subject of this conversation did not admit of a doubt; and, with a heart palpitating between hope, fear, and expectation, I awaited my benevolent friend's return. The countenance of that worthy man was a true index of his feelings; and, upon entering the apartment where I was musing, I perceived it ruffled to a degree. "Henry, (said he,) did Mrs. Darnley ever speak to you with confidence? Tell me every thing you know of your real situation, my dear boy."

I instantly related the conversation which had passed at our last interview.—"Apply to the Lord Chancellor!

cellor!* (said he.) What, without any documents! and without even knowing where the register of your birth is to be found? Darnley assures me you are the illegitimate offspring of his wife's *distant* relation; but far different is the account that ill-fated woman gave. However, (continued he,) we must for the present appear to give credit to his assertion; but I will spend five hundred pounds to establish your just claim." He then informed me, there was an old woman whom Darnley had sent into Scotland, who, my aunt had informed him, was present at her sister's marriage, and my birth: and that, for some private reason, my father had concealed his marriage from his family, which had taken place some months before he came of age; that he had been found murdered in a wood; that he had left Darnley my sole guardian; and that, after the death of my mother, he had propagated a report of her child's decease.

Previous to the worthy man's giving me this intelligence, he made me solemnly swear not to reveal a sentence of what he was going to impart; informing me, that he considered Darnley in the light of so complete a villain, that, if he had the slightest idea of his intention of befriending me, his life would not be safe.

Young as I was, my bosom glowed with indignation; and I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Oh that I was but a man!' For the blood of my murdered father seemed to call loudly for vengeance; and I could not help thinking Darnley had been accessary to his death. Of my father's family, the worthy man had received but little intelligence. My aunt had merely informed him they were Americans, and resided at New York; and for some unknown cause, the author of my existence was not upon terms with them when he died. Doctor C— informed me, it was his intention to write to a friend who resided at New

* See Number LXXXVIII. page 266.

York, for the purpose of commissioning him to apprise my father's relations, that the report of my death was entirely false; and to lay open to them a scene of iniquity, blacker than the human mind is able to conceive. He likewise resolved to employ agents in different parts of Scotland, for the purpose of discovering whether Mrs. Macdonald was alive, which was the name of the old servant, who, it has been observed, was present at my mother's marriage, and at my birth. Again he pointed out the necessity of secrecy; told me he had rather treated me with the confidence due to manhood, than with the usual precaution necessary towards a child; but that knowing I was blessed with a good understanding, he had determined to put my prudence to the test.

After expressing my gratitude in the strongest terms which language could dictate, I intreated him to inform me what had occasioned that agitation which, upon his return home, I had observed; expressing my fears, that it had arisen from his conversation with Darnley; and on my knees implored him not to let me return to school. He acknowledged that some warm words had passed between himself and Darnley, in consequence of his having expressed a doubt of the illegitimacy of my birth; and informed me, that he had made a proposition of taking the charge of my education upon himself; but to this proposal he had positively objected; although he complained of my putting him to a very great expence. They parted, however, upon good terms; and Darnley gave Doctor C— a promise that I should always pass the vacations at his house; and as he could not claim any authority over me, he endeavoured to reconcile me to the idea of returning to school, faithfully promising openly to espouse my interest, the moment he received a reply from his friend at New York.

With a sorrowful heart I bade adieu to my benefactor; and a foreboding dread of some new misfortune overwhelmed my mind. I could not banish from my recollection

recollection the contents of that fatal letter; and the idea of being in the power of a wretch so unprincipled as Heron, occasioned a depression of spirits I was unable to conceal. The man who attended me, observing my agitation, in a voice of sympathy, requested me not to weep. "You have lost a kind *friend*, (said he,) to be sure, Master Henry; and you have a foe, I doubt, to deal with; but you must put your trust in God."

"Yes, Christopher, I will, (I replied with increased agitation:) but do you know who that foe is?" "I will mention no names, (replied the honest fellow;) but servants, you know, as well as their masters, have ears. Not that I'd have you think that I am a listener; but things sometimes come out in an odd kind of way." Upon my promising never to reveal what he told me, and imploring him not to torture me with suspense, he informed me, he had overheard his master conversing with some person whom he could not distinguish, as it was nearly dark; and though my name was not mentioned, he could not help thinking I was the cause of the dispute. He could only, he said, now and then catch a few words; but the man wanted more money than his master was willing to give; and he frequently heard him make use of the expression, that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush; and that he'd blow them all to the devil, before he'd wait for his money till the boy was fourteen. Some other expressions each party made use of, which convinced the poor fellow their disagreement was about me; and, in return for this mark of confidence, I told him of the letter which I had accidentally seen, and implored him, upon his return, to make Doctor C— acquainted with the conversation which he had heard. Christopher promised to gratify my wishes, and to watch every opportunity of discovering something more: then shaking me cordially by the hand, declared he would stand by me to the very day of his death.

Charles

Charles Heron flew out to meet me upon seeing the horses stop at the door; and informed me, his father would not return until the following week; which intelligence confirmed me in the opinion, that he was the person with whom Christopher had accidentally heard his master converse. Three months passed away without any thing material occurring to me, when early one morning I beheld Dr. C— looking over the wall of the play-ground. Fearful of being detected, he threw a letter to me, desiring an answer might be in readiness at the same hour the following day. The contents of the letter overwhelmed me with sorrow: it informed me, that my friend had consented to accompany a young gentleman abroad, whose delicate state of health demanded the attendance of a physician, and that in all probability two years would elapse before his return. He likewise informed me, that the reply from his correspondent at New York would be punctually forwarded; assured me that my interest and happiness were as dear to him as if I was his son; inclosed me his address; desired me to write with punctuality, and relate the most minute incident that might occur.

Every hope of being restored to my just rights instantly vanished. I was about to lose the only friend I had in the world; and I was completely in the power of two designing villains, who with impunity might prosecute their iniquitous designs. The first idea that struck me, was to avoid persecution by an immediate flight: but where was I to direct my course? how provide for the wants of nature? or who would offer an asylum to a creature so friendless as myself? The advantages which are to be derived from a good education, by this mode of conduct would totally be lost; for though I had availed myself of my master's instructions, yet I was persuaded I had still much to learn. I resolved, therefore, to submit to my destiny; and, as Christopher had advised me, place my confidence in God. The Christmas vacation came, but no intelligence from Darnley. My

master's

master's behaviour towards me had undergone a total change since the death of my benefactress, whose loss I had daily more reason to regret. Heron, as was customary with him at the holidays, set out upon an excursion to visit his friends, leaving his son and myself tasks to accomplish which completely occupied all our time. Charles considered this conduct as a hardship; but, anxious as I was for the improvement of my mind, I submitted to it unrepiningly, pleased at the idea of increasing that store of knowledge by which I hoped to obtain my bread.

Upon the pedagogue's return, I was treated with greater unkindness than I had been before the holidays commenced: the most trifling fault was punished with severity, yet Charles was the only friend to whom I could complain. Partners in affliction, our friendship each day became stronger, until the period arrived when I was drawing near fourteen; a term of years which I looked forward to with a foreboding kind of horror, which it would be difficult for the power of language to describe. Doctor C— had been absent upwards of three years; during that period I had not received a single line: I had seen Darnley once; but his behaviour was so appalling, that I sincerely hoped never to behold him again.

Heron's conduct to his son was so oppressively tyrannical, that he at length formed the resolution of going to sea; but he was too useful in the school, to expect that his father would ever consent to the adoption of this plan. Still, however, he was resolved to adopt this project, and only waited for an opportunity to put it into effect. One afternoon, about the middle of October, he was sent to a farmer's, who resided at the distance of four miles, to receive a bill for his son's board, and evening advancing rather quicker than he expected, he unfortunately lost his way. Alarmed at his situation, (for he was completely bewildered,) his fears were augmented at indistinctly b holding something a few yards before him *move;* and, appalled by a variety of fearful sensations,

he

he involuntarily crept behind a bush. The figure approached—he clearly perceived it; for he drew a small lantern from under his coat; and with rapid steps darted forward, muttering curses as he went on. Charles followed at a convenient distance. Another object soon appeared; and he distinctly heard him pronounce the name of "*Darnley;*" and "*To-morrow evening at half past nine.*" An altercation then took place about *money:* but their conversation was low, and intermingled with such horrid oaths, that he could not connect a single word that he heard: but as they were about to separate, one inquired of the other, "What is his age?" "*Fourteen,* (was the answer;) and a damned stout fellow he is, and will answer our purpose as well as if he was twenty-five."

The light which had issued from the lantern, gave the petrified lad an opportunity of observing the road; and, full of terror least I was the person they alluded to, he ran, or rather flew, until he arrived home. We slept in the same apartment. The boys had been in bed more than an hour; but my mind was too much occupied in reflecting upon my forlorn situation, for me to obtain the blessing of repose. Charles approached the bed, and, in a low accent, inquired whether I slept; and upon being answered in the negative, he burst into a flood of tears. Astonished at this unusual agitation, I implored him to make me acquainted with the cause; when he immediately repeated what my readers have already heard. Though I had sacredly observed the promise I had given the worthy physician, yet, in the confidence of friendship, I had imparted the contents of Darnley's letter to this amiable boy, who, shocked at the depravity of his father's conduct, lamented their being so nearly allied. What was to be done to avoid the snare evidently spread for me? Charles declared his resolution of sharing my fate; yet the only way of preserving my freedom, appeared to be running away.

Though prudence and economy are seldom thought of during the period of youth, yet, from the peculiarity

liarity of my situation, I had learned to set a value upon money even beyond its nominal worth, and hoarded up every *penny* with as much precaution as a miser would an hundred pounds. Every boy in the school received a weekly allowance. From the moment of my becoming an inhabitant, mine had never been touched, as Doctor C—, upon my taking leave of him, had generously presented me with a five pound note. My stock of cash, therefore, amounted to seventy-five shillings, which I resolved to share with my friend, whose whole property consisted of a five shilling piece.

Though we were bent upon flight, yet neither of us were able to form any plan for our future support; and the greater part of the night was spent in contriving the most likely method of escaping unobserved. Our window looked into the road, and a bar divided it, but which, stripped of my clothing, I was able to squeeze through. Charles, however, found much less difficulty; for though two years older, he was much thinner than myself. As soon as morning dawned, we tied our sheets together, and fastened them to the bar, and throwing out a small bundle, containing a few shirts and stockings, without danger or difficulty, we let ourselves down. Fear lent us wings: we ran without speaking for the distance of two miles, when we struck into an unfrequented path, and seated ourselves upon the stump of a decayed tree, for the purpose of consulting upon the most likely method of eluding pursuit. A seafaring life suited both our inclinations. America was the spot where I hoped to meet with friends; and as Charles was a citizen of the world, and had no attraction to any part of it, he resolved to accompany me there. That a hue and cry would be sent after us, both were of opinion, the moment our elopement was known: we therefore resolved not to attempt obtaining a passage from any of the Cambrian ports, but direct our course towards the capital of England, and from thence embark.

The

The fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind, we suffered, it would be impossible for the power of language to describe: I shall therefore merely say, that we eluded every inquiry, and arrived in London at the expiration of three weeks. We agreed with the Captain of an American vessel, who fortunately happened to be in want of hands, to work our passage to the continent, when I hoped to be recognized by my relations; or, at least, through their interest, obtain some appointment either in the civil or military line. The master of the ship was one of those rough beings whose manners excited fear without conciliating esteem; but we soon discovered that this unpolished appearance was put on to conceal a native sensibility of heart; for the moment he found that we were above the common order of sailors, he insisted upon our not doing another stroke of work, declaring he was persuaded the ship would founder, if he was to take advantage of young gentlemen in distress. This generous mode of conduct naturally excited confidence. I gave him a slight sketch of my history from the period of my birth; and at the same time informed him, that Charles Heron had resolved to share my fortune, merely from the friendly dictates of his heart. Upon my saying this, to my astonishment, he repeated the following beautiful lines from one of the Grecian poets, translated by the immortal Pope:

> A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
> Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
> One should our interests, one our passions be;
> My friend must hate the man who injures me.

That a man evidently destitute of the advantages of education, and whose mode of life was such as to render them of little use, should possess an innate taste for the most elegant branch of literature, excited surprise both in Charles and myself; but during our voyage he gave us a variety of other specimens of an appropriate memory, and a refined taste.

(To be concluded in the next.)

CON-

CONCEALMENT.

A TALE.

IN a small village about thirty miles from London, an honest industrious woman, named Morris, rented a cottage, and supported herself decently by taking in children to nurse. She was a peaceable dame, sober, careful, and cleanly. Her husband was a hardworking man, who bore an excellent character among his neighbours. They had no children of their own: but one lovely boy, the son of a naval officer, whose wife died in giving the infant birth, was entrusted to their care, and Dame Morris cherished the babe as fondly as if it had been one of her own. One afternoon, in the summer, the boy had fallen into a sweet sleep; and Dame Morris sat knitting by the side of a cradle in which she had laid him, when some person knocked loudly at the door, and begged her, "for God's sake, to hasten to the assistance of neighbour Dawson, who had fallen down in a fit." Morris threw a mantle over the cradle, and carefully closing her door, hurried away. The poor woman to whom she was summoned, continued a long time ill; and Morris began to be extremely anxious lest her young charge should awake, and miss her. As soon as she could possibly get away, she hastened home. She was pleased to find all still; and sitting down, she resumed her industrious occupation. In a short time, however, little Lionel began to be clamorous. Morris hastily prepared him some food; and lifting up the covering, beheld, with indescribable astonishment, a girl, about five months old, sleeping by the side of Lionel. Thinking it a trick of some mischievous neighbour, Dame Morris took the babe in her arms, caressed it, and gave it some food. "Bless the infant! (said she,) it is as quiet as a lamb. Sure I have never seen its pretty face

before. It is too well dressed to be any poor body's child. I must go among my neighbours, and see if any on um' knows how it comed here." With these thoughts she began her peregrination, carrying the two children with her; and made enquiry at every cottage through the village. No one could give her any information, except some boys who were playing near her door, and said they had seen a gipsey woman hankering about as if she wanted to steal something. "Ah, (cried Dame Morris,) no doubt she had stolen this child; and fearful of being found out, popped it into my cradle. Heaven forgive such wicked wretches! Well, well, the bellman will be about presently; so since the babe has not been stripped, it is all as well." The day passed away, and no bellman rung. At night, when her husband came home, she told him the adventure. "Bless my soul, Bridget! (cried the good man,) what can us do? It would be a mortal pity to turn the pretty creature upon't parish; one would not like it one's self: but then I fears we cannot afford to keep it; for, besides, half the hussies in the parish would be leaving their children on our hands. Little dear! what pretty blue eyes she has! See, Bridget, would'nt it make a nice playfellow for Lionel?" Dame Morris thought so too, and begged to keep it, at least for a few days. This benevolent wish was not unrewarded; for when she proceeded to undress the child, she found something fastened in its stays. "As I live, Thomas, (she exclaimed,) here is its parish register." Upon opening the paper, however, they were agreeably surprised to find bank notes to the amount of ten pounds, and a slip of paper, containing these words: "Dame Morris is requested to take charge of this child till she hears further from its friends, who will not neglect it, nor fail to reward her kindness to the little foundling. Her name is Elinor." Morris with much difficulty read the paper; and clapped his hands with joy, when he understood the contents. The child received the tenderest attention from the

good

good couple, and gradually increased in strength and beauty. Lionel was fondly attached to his little playmate, and remained with his kind nurse till he was five years of age, when his father returned from sea, and took the child away, to place him where he might receive instruction. During this interval, no remittances had been received from the friends of Elinor; yet the tender-hearted couple could not bear to turn her adrift; though the augmenting dearness of provisions made the maintenance of a growing girl a heavy charge to them. When Lieutenant Manners called to take his boy to school, he was particularly interested by the infantile regret which Lionel expressed at leaving Elinor: he for some time refused to go with his father; and Elinor, who was about a year younger, pathetically intreated to be taken with him. This affection of the children caused the Lieutenant to make some inquiry respecting the girl; and being made acquainted with the particulars of her destitute situation, he presented Dame Morris with twenty pounds, and swore he would be a friend to the child. "You may take her to see Lionel, (said he,) while I am away; and whatever you do with her, keep a sharp look out; for if her own natural friends do not claim her before I return, I will adopt her as my own. But harkee, Dame; do not fill the girl's head with rubbish. She is not to be made a fine lady. Put her out to service; let her learn what is useful, and be able to work her way through the world if any thing should happen to me. It is pleasant and easy to rise; but its quite another matter to fall." Thus spoke the honest sailor, plain and unpolished in language, but possessing a heart of sterling value.

Years passed away unheeded. Elinor was fourteen; and it was judged necessary that she should be put out. Still it was deferred day after day; for the declining health of Dame Morris made her willing services most valuable. "My good girl, (said Morris to her one day,) it is very selfish of us to keep you

here: you are losing time sadly. Out of our slender means, we have but just been able to let you get a little schooling. Lieutenant Manners, it is true, promised to be your friend; but it is now a long time since we have heard from him; and I fear fine promises are not much to be depended upon: therefore, if you hear of any situation likely to suit you, why it is best for you not to think any thing about us, but consider your own advantage." Poor Elinor replied to this only with her tears. She feared that she had long been a burden to the worthy couple, and with some degree of false pride imagined they wished to get rid of her. The death of Dame Morris soon decided the wavering resolutions of Elinor; the cottage was no longer a home for her; and, after paying every duty to the deceased, she prepared to quit it, though without any eligible situation in view. The first step she took, was to write to her dear friend and foster-brother Lionel, regretting that she could not see him, and with all the candour of innocence, entreating him not to forget her. This was his answer:

"Dearest Elinor,

"I write to you without the knowledge of my master, who generally sees our letters; for, as I do not feel so easy and free in writing as my heart dictates, when subjected to an examination, I think it best, for once, to keep my writing a secret. Dear sister, I am very uneasy that I cannot hear from my father. I am sure he would not suffer you to be turned out in the world; and you know I have no power to do what I could wish. I shall love you, Elinor, as long as I live, wherever you may go; but you know we are both very young, and incapable of acting for ourselves with propriety. When I am a few years older, perhaps, I may be able to prove my sincerity. I wish I could see you; but as that is impossible, I hope you will write to me very often; and belive me till death, your affectionate brother,

"LIONEL MANNERS."

This

This was a valuable billet to Elinor, who read it with tremour and blushes. Love stole unheeded into her bosom; and she cherished the traitor, while ignorant of his mischievous power. In the course of a few days, Morris returned from his work with a clouded brow. Elinor, as usual, received him with affection. She had prepared his homely supper with nicety; and finding him unwilling to eat, begged to know what troubled him. "Foolishness, girl, (said he.) I might have been prepared for it; but somehow, I always dreaded the evil day, and would not think about it; but we must part, my dear." "Why, what has happened, father?" demanded Elinor. "Nothing, child; only I have heard of a place for you; and you may as well go at once; for the longer I stay, the less willing I shall be to part." Elinor fondly threw her arm round his neck, and pressing her rosy cheek to his furrowed face, wetted it with an affectionate tear. In this moment of affliction they were startled by the sound of a carriage at the door; and presently an unknown voice loudly pronounced the name of Morris. Surprised at such an unusual visitation, the old man opened the door. Two gentlemen were alighting from a post-chaise; one of whom hastily rushed past Morris, and eagerly threw his arms round Elinor, who, tremblingly, recoiled from his embrace. "Do not you know me, Sister? have you no recollection of Lionel?" "Is it possible! (cried the enraptured girl.) My dear brother!" "Aye, aye, (cried the Lieutenant,) it is Lionel; and a sad dog he is, to hurry me about in this way. I only returned to England yesterday, after a tedious voyage, and squally weather; and the young rogue so begged and coaxed, that he persuaded me to take this jolting journey just to see you, Miss! But how are you, friend Morris? Why, you look a little the worse for wear, man!" Morris made his most respectful obeisances; and the pleased party seated themselves in the cottage. Elinor was too joyful to speak, and busied herself in preparing some-

thing to refresh their welcome guests. Lionel surveyed her with admiration; her modest mien, her graceful air, and the healthful bloom of her complexion, were all noticed with delight. Elinor, too, thought her brother very handsome. He was seventeen years of age, and well grown; his features were formed with all the regularity of manly beauty; and his dark, expressive eyes told a tale which even the simple Elinor could not misunderstand.

"Well, honest Morris, (cried the Lieutenant,) I am come to claim my little adopted here. I have found out a birth for her, and she must set sail to-morrow. I suppose we can get a bed in this village."

"You can, Sir, (replied Morris;) and I am happy to find that my girl will be placed in such good hands." "You are an honest fellow, (cried the Lieutenant;) and as I think you must be rather irksome here alone, what say you to going out with me next voyage as ship carpenter? I shall have a tight little frigate of my own, and will look to you." "I am much obliged to your Honor, (returned Morris:) it is the very thing I was thinking about t'other night; though I did not know how to compass it. But what does your Honor mean to do with little Elinor?" "Why, you shall hear. I have a sister: she is a good sort of woman, I believe, though somewhat lofty, and troubled a little with vapours: she wants a companion. Her husband is a grave, melancholy sort of man: he shuns society; and as she has in some measure conformed to his humour, they see little company, and, in course, she has little to amuse her. Now I think it will be advantageous to Elinor to be with her. At any rate, I shall have an eye on the girl; and since Lady Fitzmurray has, during her visit to the north, contracted some squeamish prejudices about birth, and such like, I must sink the circumstance of Elinor's being a foundling, and introduce her as the orphan daughter of a brother officer. My boy here will keep the secret I know." Elinor thanked

thanked her kind patron a thousand times; and, with all the enthusiasm of an inexperienced girl, promised herself a long series of pleasures in her change of situation; perfectly satisfied that her dear foster-father would also be benefited by being under the protection of the worthy and generous Manners.

She scarcely closed her eyes during the night, and rose at break of day to pack up her scanty wardrobe, and take leave of her village companions. Her next care was to set every thing in order for her old friend Morris, and to beg neighbour Dawson would do him any good turn in her power. She then prepared breakfast, and anxiously waited the arrival of her expected visitors. At eight o'clock they sat down to breakfast. A variety of emotions kept them almost wholly silent. The Lieutenant was the only one who spoke: he praised the bread and butter, found the eggs delicious, and admired the neatness of every thing around him. When the chaise came to the door, Elinor threw herself into the arms of Morris, and could scarcely articulate, "Farewell!" Lionel, too, approached to embrace him. "Bless you both, dear children, (cried the old man;) I have fondled you both often in these arms. My poor Bridget loved you as though you had been her own. As you were by Providence united in the cradle, may Heaven bless you together. There, go, go: I wish you would go at once." Manners shook hands with the old man; compelled him to take a trifle in remembrance, and then stepped into the chaise. Lionel seized the hand of Elinor, and dragged her from the cottage, half reluctant, and half willing; then seated himself by her side. The postilion gave his horse the spur, and the chaise drove off, watched by the aching eyes of Morris till quite out of sight. He then returned to his cheerless home, slung his basket on his shoulder, and hastened to work.

(To be continued.)

ON

ON DECLENSION IN GALLANTRY.

A FAIR correspondent (page 211 of the last volume) complains of a want of gallantry in men towards the ladies, as a characteristic mark of the manners of the present day; and I must so far agree with her, as to allow, that those sedulous attentions, and little civilities, which were thought to be due from the male to the other sex, are not so frequent as formerly. As there is no effect without a cause, it may deserve a little inquiry, what has produced the change; and the method I mean to pursue is, to state the gradual declension in my own practice in this respect, and the reasons of it.

At the time I was born, (about fifty years ago,) and for the space of twenty or thirty years after, gallantry, *à la Chesterfield*, might be said to be in its zenith; in which period, I, of course, received my first impressions, from a mother who had notions sufficiently high of the prerogatives of her sex, and who took care early to instil them into her boys: indeed, instructing us on this head was a very convenient medium for reminding my father of deficiencies towards herself; and I soon became capable of foreseeing, by observations made in the day, what would be the nature of the lecture I should receive when the family was assembled in the evening. Agreeable to my mother's views, I was trained to a rigid observance of every punctilio she deemed a proper homage towards the sex: my sisters, in the first place; and then their young guests and companions; to wait on them; to fetch and carry; to think myself honored when permitted to accompany them in a walk, or be of their parties; and to shew a manly spirit in protecting them from dogs and bulls; being early taught, that in this disposition true manhood consisted: and though fighting on any other occasion, even in repelling insults and aggressions towards myself,

self, was a crime in my mother's view, and therefore never suffered to pass without punishment, yet this became not merely venial, but praise-worthy, when done in defence of a girl. I will not conceal that some of the services imposed upon me, appeared of rather too self-denying a nature, and would often stir up proud reasonings in my heart, drawn from the high notions of superiority to the other sex, which a boy seems to bring into the world with him; but as I advanced to manhood, these ideas of superiority underwent a complete revolution in my mind, and became a firm and durable foundation on which the superstructure of my future actions was raised: what had before been enjoined as a duty, I now adopted both as a duty and a delight, and never found myself so happy, as when engaged in any office about their sweet persons. I considered women as of a more refined texture, and more delicate constitution, than myself, and, of course, inferior in strength of body, and less capable of sustaining rough encounters: in other words, needing the protection of my sex: I therefore ever held myself in readiness to yield that protection on all occasions, not only from real dangers, from savage brutes, and yet more savage men, but also from inconveniencies, the inclemencies of the sky, or the pressure of a crowd: and even in those things which common sense told me were useless, I had so addicted myself to the service of the fair, that I missed no opportunity of engaging in it. As if life could not furnish a sufficiency of occurrences to render them essential benefits, I descended to trifles: if a lady chanced to drop a glove, I ran to pick it up, and sprung across the street to assist one in crossing a gutter, or, in the country, to get over a stile, though my own eyes had convinced me, perhaps, only the night before, in a dance, that her agility, and the suppleness of her joints, rendered her full as capable of such exertions as myself. As I was actuated by principle, I did not confine my

devoirs

devoirs in these respects to the young and beautiful, before whom all mankind bend the knee—the deformed, the ugly, and the aged, partook equally of my regards: in short, it was enough for me if the object was a woman.

On arriving at the age when we profess to have done with childish things, I could propose no more delightful or serious engagement for my future life, than to devote myself, my time, my talents, and fortune, in yielding protection, provision, and comfort, in a legal way, to one of the dear creatures and her offspring.

I may now proceed to the inquiry first laid down, namely, What has caused me to decline from a track in which I had been so long accustomed, and with so much satisfaction, to walk? I answer, the masculine airs which the fashionable ladies of the present generation have chosen to adopt; because they have departed from the winning softness, and amiable mildness, of those among whom my youthful days were spent; and because, instead of appearing to need the care and protection of men, they hold themselves out as rivals in spirit and courage. Whether or not they have been gainers by the change, whether they have improved their situation in society by it, or made an addition to the comforts their mothers enjoyed, they are certainly the best judges, and I presume not to determine for them; but sure I am, they have deprived men of a benevolent and generous cast, of an exquisite source of enjoyment, robbed life of a great portion of its amenities, and society of half its graces.

The first check I remember to have received, was from a lady who considered horsemanship an accomplishment in a beautiful woman. I had, from an involuntary impulse, which was long ago become habitual, got half across the street to hand her over a narrow channel; but was suddenly stopped, from regard to the safety of my own person, on beholding her

her flourish a smart jockey-whip, and lash the skirts of her cloth habit with it as she walked.

When I have been witness of an elegantly-formed female curbing and restraining a fiery steed on which she was mounted, or displaying her address in guiding a pair of blood-horses in a fashionable vehicle, among jockies and expert drivers, how could I retain my original impression of the delicacy and tenderness of the sex, that woman was a creature, as my mother had taught me, needing, and entitled to, my continual watchfulness and interference, to support and protect? Instead of this, I felt myself in constant danger, from my inveterate habit, of offering an insult when I intended to render a service, and have often observed a lady jump from her horse, with *unbeseeming* haste, conscious I was approaching to assist her in alighting; a species of gallantry I had been used to number among my essentials, and in the discharge of which I was reckoned expert and graceful. Rebuffs such as these, often repeated, in time produced their effect, and I became timid and distant. Few are capable of realizing my feelings, at the contemptible figure I made in my own eyes, the first time I was led along by a female acquaintance, whom I had joined in a walk, who immediately lifted up her arm for me to thrust my hand under, and support myself by.

I had another powerful spring of action in the notions I had formed of the nice reserve, and exquisite sensibility, of a modest woman; I had therefore always redoubled my attention to ladies of this character in the time of a frost; because I conceived that whatever bruises their lovely frame might suffer from a slip, which, on this account, I was anxious to prevent, yet there were other probable consequences, that would leave a far more painful and permanent wound in the mind: but my anxiety arising from this latter source insensibly wore away, after the displays I saw made by a lady, in springing on and off

a horse, jumping in and out of a high-hung carriage; or when, in skaiting on the Serpentine river, and bearing her pretty foot in a line almost horizontal, in a wheel or turn, she voluntarily exposed her lovely limbs in a way that, I should once, I am sure, have risked my life to prevent.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have pleaded guilty to the charge of your correspondent, have advanced my plea in mitigation, and must abide the judgment of your merous readers of both sexes.

UN HOMME GALANT.

ON TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY is the wish of all: the good, while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory; and the little, while creeping in the styes of dissipation, sigh for tranquillity, and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to attain. How anxiously does the sailor, on the high and giddy mast, when rolling through tempestuous seas, cast his eyes over the foaming billows, and anticipate the calm security he hopes to enjoy when he reaches the wished-for shore! Even kings grow weary of their splendid slavery, and nobles sicken under increasing dignities. All, in short, feel less delight in the actual enjoyment of worldly pursuits, however great and honorable they may be, than in the idea of their being able to relinquish them, and retire to

"———— some calm sequester'd spot;
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

AN ESSAY

Upon the increasing Depravity of Servants, and the various Causes to which it is to be assigned.

WHEN an evil arises to that height which affects the general interest of society, it loudly calls upon the legislature to suggest a reform: for though every individual must expect to labour under some inconveniencies, yet, when they become general, there doubtless might be some redress. Of the increasing depravity of servants, the complaint is so general, that there is scarcely a family within the vicinity of the metropolis, who have not been material sufferers either by their extravagance, their dishonesty, or their intrigues: and even the little coolness which frequently arises between friends and acquaintance, is often to be attributed to the misrepresentation of servant maids.

As every effect must have a cause, I will simply ask the question, by what means has this increasing evil grown to such a height? and why has the last thirty years produced a greater alteration in the manners and conduct of that class of individuals, than in any other part of the human race? The answer to this question, which will naturally follow, is, that it is in a great measure owing to the relaxed principles of those in a more elevated sphere, who, instead of setting them an example of religious and moral duties, scarcely evince, by their conduct, a belief in a God. That day upon which the Almighty completed the work of creation, and the Redeemer of the world arose from the mansions of the dead, is no longer devoted to pious purposes, or even considered in a sacred light; but is disgraced by musical assemblies, by pleasurable excursions, or parties of cards.

This too prevailing practice, which, for the honor of human nature, is not entirely general, must inevitably be productive of the most alarming effects; for when servants perceive their masters and mistresses pay no attention to religious duties, can we expect to see them solicitous to perform them themselves? The influence of example, in every state of life, is powerful; but it has a ten-fold effect upon uneducated minds; and morality and religion are so closely connected, that it is dangerous to attempt separating the league. That principle of wrong and right which is implanted in the human bosom, arises from a conviction of a superior Power, who will, at the final day of judgment, reward the practice of virtue, and severely punish the perpetrators of vice. To the influence of that impressive monitor termed conscience, is to be attributed that principle, and fidelity, which this class of individuals formerly displayed; for they were taught to consider an attention to their master's interests as an incumbent duty, ordained by the merciful Redeemer of mankind. Vain must prove the institution of Sunday seminaries for the improvement of the youth of the rising age, if, when they enter into a state of servitude, they see no respect paid to that holy day, and, instead of observing their superiors pay attention to the fourth commandment, act as if they scarcely believed in the first.

Though every reflecting mind must acknowledge the truth of these observations, yet I do not mean to attribute the decline of principle in this class of individuals entirely to the above cause; for many other reasons might be assigned for that degeneracy of morals, so destructive to the interests of those by whom they are sustained. One amongst the many I shall point out to my readers, as being the rock on which fidelity and probity have split, and this is the astonishing increase of wages, which has become a general practice within the last twenty or thirty years. The annual income of a nobleman's man-cook, or valet, is

actually

actually superior to many livings in Wales; and I am inclined to believe I should not be guilty of exaggeration, if I was to say, that in England it was more than many chaplains received. Let the legislators of this realm reflect for a moment upon the disparity of situation between men in such opposite spheres, and blush at the idea of giving a seasoner of savory sauce a salary equal to that which is bestowed upon a member of the church! The evils arising from these enormous wages, are not merely confined to the servants of men of distinction; no, like an epidemic distemper, the contagion spreads far and wide; and the tradesman who twenty years back gave only four pounds annually to his domestic, is now obliged to treble that sum.

In vain do we now look for a distinction between a mistress and a maid servant of all work; for, instead of modesty and humility marking the appearance of the latter, she is decorated with all the frippery of a girl of the town. Here, then, surely the legislature might interpose its authority, and affix a standard for wages, and an appropriate form of dress, when, according to the scriptural phrase, "the servant would not appear greater than his master; and we should be able to distinguish the sender, from him which is sent." The reason assigned for this increase of wages, is, that the price of every article is materially raised within the last twenty years; but, as far as concerns the necessary expenditure of servants, the excuse by no means holds good: though house-rent, taxes, and every article of provision, within that period of time, has materially increased in price, yet the proper modes of dress for persons in that condition, has experienced but a very trifling change; and several articles which I could mention, are even sold at a reduced price.

"Every labourer is worthy of his hire," said the great teacher of religious and moral duties; and I would not have my readers suppose, that I wish this

useful part of the community not to be rewarded for their toil: nay, more, I think the wages a servant receives, ought to be sufficient to enable them to lay by a certain portion in case of ill health; but vanity will prevent them from adopting this judicious method, whilst they are allowed to expend even more than their services procures them upon an improper mode of dress. Hence arises those extortions, and those thousand petty artifices, which are daily practised upon the heads of families in this populous town: and the force of bad example even extends its baneful influence to rural retirement, where deception formerly was unknown; for the evil arising from carrying London servants down into the country, is too severely felt, to require a comment upon the injudiciousness of the plan.

As the legislature interposed its authority, and abolished those private meetings which were established for the purpose of disseminating principles destructive to the country, and detrimental to the king, why, let me ask, does it not exert the same dominion, and put a stop to assemblies which are now formed in almost every part of the town? The kind of meeting to which I allude, is distinguished by the appellation of "*The Servants' Benevolent Club:*" but never was that expressive term perverted to a more iniquitous or corrupt use. Each member of this depraved institution contributes a certain portion of their wages every month, not as a support during infirmity or affliction, but as an encouragement to vice; and every servant who, from insolence or dishonesty, has lost their character, derives a support from this degenerate fund. Here the baneful influence of this institution does not terminate; for rewards are given for false characters under fictitious names; and, by paying two shillings to the proprietor of an office for hiring servants, the most abandoned members of society are certain of getting a place. Though offices of this description may have some conveniencies attending

tending them, yet their disadvantages will be found to preponderate in the opposite scale; and, until they become subject to legal authority, they must be considered as one of the greatest nuisances of this town. To the proprietors of these offices the public ought to look up for proper characters: no servant, who could not produce testimonials of good behaviour, should be permitted to put their names upon the list; and under this judicious mode of regulation, the corruption which has crept into this extensive body of people would visibly decline; servants would find that, by the practice of probity alone, they could expect to meet with comfortable situations, and meet with that encouragement which faithfulness and fidelity deserves.

Perfection in human nature is not to be met with; we are not to expect to find servants free from every fault; but there is a wide distinction between the errors we are all liable to be guilty of, and the various vices to which this part of the community are prone. A sincere friend is allowed to be one of the greatest blessings which can fall to the lot of man; and I am inclined to think, a faithful servant almost as great a treasure as he can possess. How many instances of strong attachment, and unfailing fidelity, does the page of ancient history disclose! How much, then is it to be deplored, that this useful part of the creation should, as if by a general consent, have grown corrupt! It has been said, that a good master will make a good servant; but this hypothesis I positively deny; for if the seeds of vice have once taken root in the disposition, both precept and example must lose their effect. Much, however, certainly depends upon the conduct of masters and mistresses; particularly upon the younger part of this extensive class, who, though their minds may unfortunately have taken a wrong direction, yet, by good advice, and proper example, still may be reclaimed: and how delightful must be the reflection of being accessary

to the improvement of a single individual's mind! It is a duty incumbent upon every head of a family, to instil virtuous principles into the minds of those who are placed under their care, and to avoid setting them any example which may tend to lessen their belief of the existence of a God, who, at the final day of judgment, will reward virtue, and punish vice.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

"O THE low lived creature!" cried a rattling belle, as she returned me the following song, which, by accident, had been conveyed to her between the leaves of your Miscellany. "O, the vixen! It is impossible she could ever have been handsome, or well-bred. To abuse her husband in such a manner! O, monstrous! But how could you think of putting such rhimes into the Lady's Museum? Why, Sir, it is quite a BORE. I vow, if I had known they were such vulgar stuff, I would not have read them. But you poets are such men of fancy."—"Very true, Madam. The song, however, I value highly, as the production of a friend, who, I have every reason to suppose, wrote as he FELT." As this is the case, I now offer it to you, Mr. Editor, for a wider circulation. The verses, I can safely affirm, are original, though the subject I believe is as old as the days of Xantippe. I would not, wittingly and maliciously, off end the eyes of your fair readers; no, not for the world; or suppose, for a moment, that those lovely features, which I have so often beheld illuminated with smiles, and with which I have been so much delighted, will ever be darkened by the gloom of a frown, whatever changes

changes time or chance may present; or, moreover, that the lady mentioned in the song, may not have had sufficient reasons for using the mode of argument therein stated: but if there is a dying swain, who haply looks to the cause, in hopes of finding a remedy for the effect; and who is equally unfit for the company of her whom he loves, as for that of every body else; for Heaven's sake let him read the poem in question; which, when either whistled or sung to the tune of Rowe's *Despairing Shepherd*, Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad*, or any other "mournfully murmuring" ditty which his nurse or grandmother may have taught him, may possibly operate as a sort of cabalistical charm against the wonder-working and "murthering glances" of his mistress; and so restore him once more to reason and society. It may likewise teach the married part of our country-women, the merit of forbearance in their *dearly beloved spouses*; and what a useful domestic animal a husband may be made, by submitting to his will, and indulging his humours; and who, on his part, should this not be the case, may console himself with the reflection, that he is not the only person in the world so situated: like a certain gentleman I once knew, who, when any misfortune befel him, used to seek for objects equally unfortunate as himself, in order to contemplate their sufferings, and contrast them with his own; always returning from the review in the best spirits imaginable; and thus, by the simple faculty of comparison, sheathed the acrimony of that humour which would, otherwise indulged, have made him a misanthrope, or one that seems only born to spoil good company.

I am

Your most obedient servant,

Cowder, D. C.
October 18th, 1805.

THE

THE OBEDIENT HUSBAND.

Aghast, in an old elbow chair,
A husband, sore hen-peck'd, was laid,
And gaz'd on his rib,—happy fair!—
That flourish'd a stick round his head.
The kitten for mercy did call,
And screw'd up her guts as she ran;
While the rats, as they rush'd up the wall,
Sigh'd in sympathy for the poor man.

Alas! what a booby was I,
(Thus mourn'd he the plague of his wife,)
When I gaz'd on that face with a sigh,
When I first thought of thee for a wife!
We met, and my passion began
As she smil'd through her blushes so sweet;
But, oh! when she flirted her fan,
The triumph, alas, was complete.

How foolish was I to believe
That a beauty so flatter'd by all,
To forsake such fine folks would not grieve,
Or abide by the book of Saint Paul?
Ah! then could I ever suppose
I should sit like a poor silly clown,
And, as oft as she turns up her nose,
Start—in danger of being knock'd down?

All you, my companions so dear,
Who laugh at the ills I bemoan,
Your gibes and your laughter forbear,
For the case it may soon be your own.
Though I thus count my sorrows severe,
'Tis in vain that I strive to be freed;
'Tis her fortune the breeches to wear,
And mine to be married indeed!

☞ At Mr. C's earnest request we have given his friend's verses a place in our repository. We, however, would recommend the REIGN OF FANCY, a poem by the same correspondent, as a subject more suited to the perusal of our fair readers.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

IN an age when the power of fashion destroys the effect of moral duties, and the delicate nerves of sensibility are stretched to an unnatural length, there is something peculiarly gratifying to the mind of a reflecting being, in witnessing a proper respect paid to the memory of the dead.

To what cause, Mr. Editor, are we to attribute that abominable practice which within the last twenty years has crept into the higher spheres of life, of quitting the loved corse of the nearest and dearest connexion, the very moment the breath of existence has flown? The refiners of sensibility will answer this question, by informing me, that death is too agonizing, too appalling a sight, for the eyes of tenderness and affection to witness, and that even the health of the survivors demanded immediate flight. Let disgrace fall upon such pretended attachments! There is something so truly sacred about the dead, that a mind of sensibility can scarcely bear the idea of having them touched by unhallowed hands.

To pay the last tribute of affection to a form which we have been accustomed to gaze upon with tenderness, to see it inclosed within that dreary tenement from whence it is never to be removed, until the awful sound of the trumpet of resurrection calls it, is a duty which we owe to the lifeless body we once loved. But, alas! Mr. Editor, this duty has of late years been thought too affecting, too trying, for the ties of consanguinity to sustain; and the last sad offices of decency are left to the direction of an unfeeling undertaker, or to some interested dependant, whose apathetic heart is incapable of being moved by the distressing scene.

I have been led to make these observations, Sir, from a circumstance, which, from its recency, must be impressed upon every individual's mind; and I scarcely

scarcely need mention the death of our Sovereign's only brother as the one to which I allude. In the conduct of the son of that amiable Prince, whose mild and unassuming qualities peculiarly endeared him to his family and friends, the young men of the present age have received an example which ought to sink deeply into their hearts. Not merely satisfied with performing every duty which filial respect could point out as necessary whilst the object of his affection was sensible of his fond zeal, yet when death had for ever closed the organs of sensation, he still thought the task he had to perform incomplete, and took upon himself the painful office of placing the lifeless body in its narrow cell of wood.

These, Mr. Editor, are marks of such genuine sensibility, that it is impossible to read the account of them with a heart unmoved; and the surviving parent of a son so truly amiable, must proudly hail the moment of his birth. Whilst the conduct of this incomparable and illustrious young man excites public admiration, they are no less charmed with the account of the excessive sorrow which the female branches of the family displayed: but to soothe the bed of sickness, seems the peculiar prerogative of the fair sex; and it is an office in which they are allowed exclusively to shine.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Assuaging to those pangs which the royal object of our remarks suffered, must have been the tender attentions which he received in his last hours, from the being to whom he had given the strongest marks of affection, by hazarding the displeasure of a brother whom he sincerely loved. As the attentive nurse of an attached husband, Her Royal Highness shines with more resplendent lustre, than she could have done, if

if presented to the eyes of the public as the peculiar favorite of Court: yet do not suppose, Mr. Editor, I mean to throw the most oblique hint upon still more illustrious characters, for a mode of conduct, which motives of a political nature led them to pursue; my intention is merely to applaud those proofs of conjugal affection, which Her Grace the Duchess of Gloucester displayed.

It has frequently afforded subject for disquisition, whether the parental or filial duties ought to be most sacredly observed; and, without entering upon an argument which has been so ably cavilled, I shall merely observe, that the being who is capable of neglecting either, forfeits all pretensions to respect. To give existence to a creature without feeling interested in its happiness, is placing man below the level of a brute; and to prove ungrateful for that watchful care which infancy and childhood render necessary, evinces a depravity of principle, and a corruption of heart. That the present system of education is calculated to weaken parental authority, does not admit of a doubt; for I maintain that respect is as much the ground-work of affection, as it is the supporter of power. Respect, however, is a term which the youth of the present age are taught to spell, but not to understand the meaning of: it is no uncommon thing to hear a boy of ten years of age demand from his father, *why* he issues any command; and maternal authority long before that period has totally lost its effect.

This, Mr. Editor, is unjustly denominated the age of reason; for mere children are injudiciously permitted to dispute with the authors of their birth; and, instead of the lesson of passive obedience to the commands of their superiors, being inculcated, the cradle is becoming a school for those of riper years: to this cause do I, in a great measure, attribute the visible decline of filial regard; for it is even impossible for the bonds of friendship to subsist long be-

tween two persons who defy the cementing forms of respect. Example, however, is allowed to be more prevalent than precept; and imitation is a practice to which the most ignorant are prone: I will, therefore, indulge the hope, that the striking example of filial affection so recently exhibited, will produce the most beneficial effects; and that the youth of the present age will no longer boast of defying parental authority, but unanimously form the resolution of testifying, by their conduct, both affection and respect.

Satisfied as Britons ought to be with their laws, and proud as they are of their liberty, yet in the performance of moral duties, they certainly do not excel; particularly in those where the heart ought to take the greatest interest, and where Nature ought to exert her dominion over man. In China, that remote region, where the aspiring force of genius is restrained by a variety of causes too numerous to repeat, we find that the practice of moral virtues is more strongly inculcated, than in more refined and polished states; and there is scarcely an instance throughout that extensive empire, of a son who would show disrespect to a parent's command.

The mention of China, Mr. Editor, brings to my recollection a short poem, not totally inapplicable to the subject which has given rise to the preceding remarks; and the admirers of antiquity may possibly derive some gratification from perusing a few complimentary lines, which were addressed to a young Prince who lived in the time of Homer and Hesiod, and whose memory is still deservedly revered.

A Copy

A Copy of Chinese Verses, translated from the Original in the Bodleian Library.

See how the silver river glides,
And leaves the fields' bespangl'd sides;
Hear how the whispering breeze proceeds
Harmonious through the rustling reeds:
Observe our Prince thus lovely shine;
In him the meek-ey'd virtues join;
Just as the patient carver will
Hard ivory model by his skill,
So his example has impress'd
Benevolence on ev'ry breast.
Nice hands to the rich gem behold
Impart the gloss of burnish'd gold:
Thus in his manners truly great,
Refines the people of his state.
True lenity, how heavenly fair!
We hear it threaten—see it spare!
What beauties in its lovely face!
In its deportment—Oh, what grace!
Observe our Prince thus lovely shine!
In him the meek-ey'd virtues join;
His memory, of eternal prime,
Like Truth, defies the pow'r of Time.

That the poet's words are exemplified, Mr. Editor, there is no doubt; for the above lines were actually written near eight hundred years before the birth of Christ; still the memory of this amiable Prince is not forgotten, and may truly be said to defy the power of Time. Whether there is any similarity of character between him and the present Duke of Gloucester, I shall leave to your readers to find out; but, as long as filial affection shall be allowed to form an attractive virtue, the conduct of this amiable Prince will not be forgot; though his memory may not survive so many ages as that of the illustrious royal personage to whom the complimentary poem was addressed.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
An Advocate for Respect paid to the Memory of the Dead.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

The Narrative of Captain Wooddard and four Seamen, who lost their Ship while in a Boat at Sea, and surrendered themselves up to the Malays in the Island of Celebes: containing an interesting Account of their Sufferings from Hunger, and various Hardships, and their Escape from the Malays after a Captivity of two Years and a Half: also an Account of the Manners and Customs of the Countries, and a Description of the Harbours and Coasts, &c. 8*vo.* 4*s.* 2*d Edition.*

In few instances have the sufferings of the shipwrecked sailor surpassed the hardships which Captain Wooddard and his unfortunate companions endured among the Malays during a captivity of two years and a half: few narratives have exhibited stronger examples of patience and fortitude than the present, of which we will endeavour to present our readers with the outlines; premising, that though the narrative be written in the first person, the author is a Mr. Vaughan, who gives incontrovertible evidence of the authenticity of the facts which he relates. *Critical Review.*

Travels in Europe, Asia Minor, and Arabia. By J. Griffiths, M. D. Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and of several Foreign Literary Societies. 4*to.* 396 *pp.* 1*l.* 10*s.*

The track pursued by this interesting and entertaining traveller, was as follows: after a residence of two years in France, he proceeded to Genoa; thence embarking for the Archipelago, he landed at Scio, Mitylene, and other Grecian Islands, on his way to Smyrna. From Smyrna he went to Constantinople, where he appears to have made himself intimately familiar with every object which justified his curiosity; and indeed, it is that portion of his work which is employed in describing the government, the manners, and the laws of the Turks, which seems most worthy of the reader's attention. From Constantinople he returned to Smyrna, whence entering the interior of Natolia, he passed through Sardis, Heraclea,

Heraclea, Apamea, to Mount Taurus. He also visited Seleucia, Antioch, and Aleppo. At Aleppo he remained two months, and then undertook a journey over the Desart to Bussorah, and thence proceeded, by the usual route, to Bombay. The narrative, as given in this volume, stops here. But it appears that he afterwards went round the Peninsula to Bengal, whence he sailed to Prince of Wales's Island and Sumatra, and again returning to Bengal, traversed a large portion of Hindostan. The writer's descriptions throughout are communicated with extraordinary animation; and he has contrived, even when speaking of places with which we have all been familiar, to throw something of novelty and spirit into his narrative, which renders it peculiarly entertaining.

Love and Satire: containing the Sarcastic Correspondence of Julius and Eliza. To which is prefixed a few brief Memoirs of an Unfortunate Lover. 12*mo.* *pp.* 94. 2*s.*

This is an interesting little volume: The memoirs prefixed to the correspondence, are those of a man of sense, learning, and strong intellectual endowments, who unhappily contracts an insurmountable attachment to a woman of wit, fortune, and beauty, without feeling or merit, which ends only with his life. The sarcastic correspondence between this extraordinary couple sufficiently marks the disposition of both parties, and exhibits no small portion of humour and talent. All the *feeling*, however, is on the side of the gentleman, and all the *grossness* on that of the lady. In *wit*, too, "Julius the Severe" is superior to "Eliza the Shrew;" though the latter, it must be confessed, supports her part with characteristic spirit. *Anti-Jacobin.*

The Works of Edmund Spenser. In eight Volumes. With the principal Illustrations of various Commentators. To which are added Notes, some Account of the Life of Spenser, and a Glossarial, and other Indexes. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M. A. F. A. S. Rector of Allhallows, Lombard-street, London, &c. 4*l.* 4*s.* 8*vo.*

Spenser's works, for what reason we know not, did not enter into the collection published by Dr. Johnson. The regret we have often felt for this omission is now, however, entirely removed by the edition before us, which surpasses all its predecessors in accuracy, and fullness of illustration, and leaves us, indeed, no wish but that it may completely revive the popularity of Spenser in a nation honoured by his name, and benefited by his genius.

In regard to the Notes, which accompany this edition, Mr. Todd says, that they are selected from authors, to whose taste and learn-

ing the public has paid the greatest deference; from the labors of Jortin and Hurd; and more extensively from those of Warton; as well as from the excellent illustrations of Upton, and from the important remarks of Church. To the Faerie Queene, Mr. Todd has prefixed dissertations, relating both to the history and criticism of the poem, from Hughes and Spence, as well as from Warton, Hurd, and Upton; and to these he modestly adds, "he has ventured to subjoin a few remarks," which *we* will *venture* to say, are seldom surpassed in acuteness and genuine taste, by any of the names enumerated. Mr. Todd's notes on the several poems consist not only of regulations of the text, but also of explanations arising from a consideration of the literature of the age in which Spenser lived; the eager imitation of all that was Italian, and the prevailing taste for whatever was romantic. *Literary Journal.*

Travels from Berlin through Switzerland to Paris, in the Year 1804. *By Augustus Von Kotzebue, &c. &c. Translated from the German.* 3 *Vols.* 8*vo.* 15*s.*

Some of our preceding numbers have exhibited views of the French people and capital, taken from publications which might have been suspected to have received a national colouring, to have been prepared for the meridian of London, and to be adapted to the prejudices of the British public: we may now gratify our curiosity by surveying the pictures of the same objects drawn by a German, and we shall not find any material disagreement in the exhibitions. Kotzebue is a keen observer, and good draftsman. Like Holcroft, he paints from the life, and seems to make his characters live in the representation. Like him, too, he developes with striking effect, the moral character of the Parisians, and affords ample traits of their frivolity, dissipation, and profligacy. He comments with ease and pleasantry on the scenery and figures which pass in review. His pictures do not betray marks of imitation; and if his remarks be cursory, they are however his own. *Monthly Review.*

Views in North Britain, illustrative of the Works of Robert Burns. Accompanied with Descriptions, and a Sketch of the Poet's Life. By James Storer and John Greig. 8*vo.* 15*s.*

To trace the favoured paths which genius has consecrated, and poetry immortalized, must ever be a luxurious treat to the admirers of genius and of poetry: but to how few can this privilege be extended! How few can indulge in visits to the scenes where even our British Muses have trained their votaries! How very small the number of those, who having perused with eager delight the descriptive pages of Cowper or of Burns, can order their chaises or sociables, to the shires of Bucks or Ayr! It is therefore a pleasing resource for such readers, that books like the present are offered

at

at a moderate price; giving a representation of places which the pen of the poet has rendered universally interesting, and which the burin of the engraver has faithfully imparted to our view. The names of Storer and Greig have before obtained our commendation for the volume previously published of "Cowper Illustrated;" and they are entitled to obtain it still. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Plays of Philip Massinger, in Four Vols. With Notes critical and explanatory. By William Gifford, Esq.

The public is here presented with a new edition of the writings of an ancient poet, whose name is better known than his works, and who is one among the many proofs that Fortune has her favourites in the intellectual as well as in the physical world. The fate of Massinger has indeed, hitherto, been peculiarly hard: when he has been read, it has been for plunder; it has been by those who have

> To his unguarded nest, like weasel critics,
> Come sneaking, and so suck'd his princely eggs.
>
> Hen. V.

And when he has been studied for republishing, it has been by men who brought to the task, ignorance of the language of his age, arrogance, presumption, infidelity, in short, "a plentiful lack" of all the requisites for the work they had undertaken. Under these circumstances, it is rather a matter of regret than surprise, that his works have remained in obscurity, his merits known only to the few whose perseverance has taught them to seek his genuine beauties in the first impressions of his plays. The time has at length arrived, when Massinger has met with an editor alive to the excellencies of the poet, whose genius and learning amply qualify him for the editorial office, and who had long seen, in the modern editions, the poet labouring under the ignorance and licentiousness of his editors, which he at length resolved to remove: the world is indeed greatly indebted to Mr. Gifford, for thus descending from the heights of literature, in "pausing awhile" from original composition, to collate and *notify*, and by purifying the page of the poet, to give him the opportunity and the means of asserting his station in the muster-roll of dramatic bards. *Monthly Mirror.*

A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean, performed in his Majesty's Sloop Providence and her Tender, in the Years 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798. *By William Robert Broughton.* 4*to.* 1*l.* 5*s.*

We cannot too much commend our author's pursuit, in which we doubt not, he will be gratified by the concurrent testimony of all who are qualified to peruse and to estimate the value and labor

of this kind of publications. It may, indeed, be styled contemptuously, 'one of the log-book publications of modern navigators;' as a late circumnavigator, whose chief end in describing his voyage, was amusement, has chosen to affix this term to the dry details of science, and the occurrences of navigation: but this log-book contains a variety of facts, by which our geography will be improved, and the reader accustomed to reflection, will derive much useful information. *Critical Review.*

A Poem on the Restoration of Learning in the East; which obtained Mr. Buchanan's Prize. By Charles Grant, Esq. M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. 4to. pp. 29. 3s. 6d.

We have not often perused a work of this nature with so much gratification as that which is now under review. The Oxford Prize Poem of Mr. Heber, on Palestine, we considered as little likely to be rivalled; but we must confess that Mr. Grant has no less exalted the Muses of Cambridge, and in some particulars has risen even to superior energy and beauty. The opposite faults of negligence and affectation, are those which most frequently disgrace the writings of modern poets. Both are avoided by Mr. Grant, who has neither suffered his imagination to mislead his judgment, nor has sought originality by affected novelties of expression. His language is pure and chaste, the style of genuine poetry, without the paltry ambition of singularity. The plan which he has adopted embraces a wide field, and affords him full scope for displaying all his powers. *British Critic.*

Memoirs of M. de Brinboc, containing some Views of English and Foreign Society. Three Vols. 12mo. Price 12s.

This is very superior to most publications of the kind. It is, with the exception of a few pedantic and affected expressions, remarkably well written. An emigrant, obliged to leave France, travels through Germany to England, and the modern manners of the places which he visits are happily described. There is no great contrivance in the plot; indeed the under plot, which represents Eugenie, the sister of Brinboc, exposed to various dangers and distresses from the villany of Chevrebille, is the most interesting part of the story. It may be objected, that this miscreant is not sufficiently exposed and punished, which is true also of the knave who extorted a promissory note from Brinboc, and caused him to be thrown into prison. On the whole, we have perused it with satisfaction. The wretched principles of the Reformers in France, of the Illuminés at Berlin, and of some Fashionable Circles in this Country, are pourtrayed with much liveliness, and with great truth. *British Critic.*

A Treatise on the Constructing and Copying all Kinds of Geographical Maps. By Thomas Dix. 8vo. 3s.

This short treatise is divided into four parts. The first treats of projection of maps of the world; the second of the projection of maps of particular parts of the world; the third points out some methods by which the meridians and parallels of latitude, both in maps of the world, and maps of particular parts of it, may be drawn with facility; and the fourth gives directions for copying a map of the world. The exercises here pointed out and recommended to the attention of youth, must be of very considerable use in imprinting on the mind, a permanent idea of the relative situations of the different objects represented on maps. It is therefore well worthy of the attention of geographical students.

Literary Journal.

Memoirs of Charles Lee Lewes, containing Anecdotes, Historical and Biographical, of the English and Scottish Stages, during a Period of Forty Years; written by himself. In 4 *Vols.* 12mo.

However much we may for a time regret the loss of our fellow creatures, it is very true, as Johnson observes, *nobody is missed*, and of no set of men is this more true, to the experience of us all, than of players. One tragedian dies, another steps into his buskins, and we wet as many handkerchiefs as ever.—*Mr. Suett* drops, but *Lord Duberley* lives still in *Mr. Mathews*, and our laughter is not a jot the less—Nobody is missed!

Of Mr. Lee Lewes, however, it may be safely said, that though they have taken the liberty to bury him, his spirit yet remains amongst us. His gibes, his gambols, and his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar, still exist, and here they are, in the shape of four duodecimo volumes. *Monthly Mirror.*

Instructions for Youth, in a Series of Lectures on moral and religious Subjects. Intended for the Use of Schools and Families. Vols. I. and II. By Richard Wright. 12mo. 7s.

Persons above the class of youth may derive pleasure and improvement from these lectures, which treat of most important subjects in a very methodical and lucid manner. Animated with the commendable desire of establishing the religion of the rising generation on the firmest basis, of preventing the seeds of infidelity from taking root in early life, and of suggesting those views of the Gospel which are not less amiable than just, Mr. Wright prepared and delivered to a number of young persons, a series of Lectures on the Being, Perfections, and Providence of God, and on

the

the Evidences, Nature, and Design of Christianity. In the first volume, he endeavours to demonstrate the great principles of *natural*, and in the second those of *revealed* religion. Throughout the whole series, the Lecturer neatly arranges his ideas, expresses himself with perspicuity, and does not tire by prolixity. His continual endeavour is to afford to his young friends, clear apprehensions of religion, to make faith the result of inquiry, and the profession of Christianity to spring from a heart-felt conviction of its truth, and an admiration of its divine contents. This is the proper method of conducting religious educations. *Monthly Review.*

Sketches relative to the History and Theory, but more especially to the Practice of Dancing, &c. &c. by Francis Peacock.

These sketches are written by an old gentleman of eighty-two, for sixty years of his life a dancing-master, and in his youth the pupil of a Desnoyer, a Glover, and a Lally, whose excellence as performers and teachers of this art, must yet be remembered by many. Mr. Peacock has of course, with these advantages, strong claims to our notice and favour; but had he not, the generous motive that induced him to give this publication to the world, would almost have disarmed the severity of criticism. 'The small emolument,' Mr. Peacock says, 'that may rise from these Sketches, he means to appropriate as his mite towards a humane institution, namely, a Lunatic Hospital lately established at Aberdeen.'

Critical Review.

The Principles of Botany, and of Vegetable Physiology. Translated from the German of Dr. C. L. Willdenow, Professor of Natural History and Botany at Berlin. 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There never was a period in the history of science, in which botanical investigations were more generally, or more successfully pursued than at present; at least we may safely say so with regard to their generality. This is proved by the great varietyof botanical publications, elementary, experimental, or periodical, which are daily issuing from the press, and by the improvements or discoveries which they are found to contain, relative to the physiology or arrangement of vegetables, as well as by the accuracy of their descriptions, and the elegance of their figures. One of the latest of these publications is the Translation of Professor Willdenow's Principles of Botany, which we have just announced. Professor Willdenow's name ranks high among botanists, and we have no doubt that the present work will be found to justify the opinion which has been formed of his talents. *Literary Journal.*

A Voyage round the World in the Years 1800-1-2-3-4; *in which the Author visited the principal Islands in the*

the Pacific Ocean, and the English Settlements of Port Jackson and Norfolk Island. By John Turnbull. Three Vols 12*mo.* 15*s.*

Nearly all the islands in the South Sea hitherto discovered, have, with their inhabitants and natural productions, been more or less described by our navigators; but the opportunities of a navigator can seldom enable him to observe, and far less his attention and recollection to record, even a considerable portion of those circumstances which must be interesting to Europeans, with respect to countries and manners so very different from their own. Every new voyage to those regions, written by a man of observation and good sense, must contain much new entertainment; and when the accuracy of the narrator can be depended upon, his narrative may not only be very curious, but highly instructive. In the work of Mr. Turnbull, we have remarked that plain and unaffected manner which seems to put his veracity beyond question; and as he has confined his narrative almost exclusively to the manners and transactions of the natives of the different places he visited, it is at once free from many details with which voyages are usually overloaded, and extremely interesting to all classes of readers.

Literary Journal.

The Telescope; or moral Views for Children. 12*mo.* 2*s.*

The various lessons of virtue, which are inculcated in this little volume, are well adapted to improve the morals, and to cherish the benevolent feelings of young persons. They will find in this collection, invitations to industry and application, to an open and ingenuous conduct, to a taste for simple pleasures, to humanity, and to piety. *Monthly Review.*

Elements of Natural Philosophy, arranged under the following Heads: Matter and Motion, The Universe, The Solar Sy tem, The Fixed Stars, The Earth, considered as a Planet, The Atmosphere, Meteors, Springs, Rivers, and the Sea, Fossils, Plants, Animals, The Human Frame, and the Human Understanding.

A very convenient, useful, and comprehensive compendium of that branch of philosophy which it professes to teach. We recommend it particularly to school-masters, and the heads of families, as a most judicious present to their several dependants It will refresh the minds of the elder students, and excite the curiosity of the younger. *Monthly Mirror.*

A Treatise on the Art of Bread-making, wherein the Cultivation of Wheat, the Mealing Trade, Assize Laws, and

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.

A slouch Straw Hat. Pelisse of Lilac Sarsenet, trimmed with White Lace. Dress of Cambric Muslin. Habit Shirt of Clear Muslin. Buff Gloves.

FIG. 2.

A Bonnet of Lilac Velvet, with White Feather. Walking Dress of Cambric Muslin. Half Habit Shirt. White Swan-down Tippet. Buff Gloves.

FULL DRESS.

A Turban of Pink and White Muslin, with White Ostrich Feather. Dress of Pink Muslin. White Swan-down Tippet. White Gloves and Shoes.

WALKING DRESSES.

FULL DRESS.

Published by Vernor & Hood, Poultry, Nov.r 1808.

BRITISH MUSEUM
27
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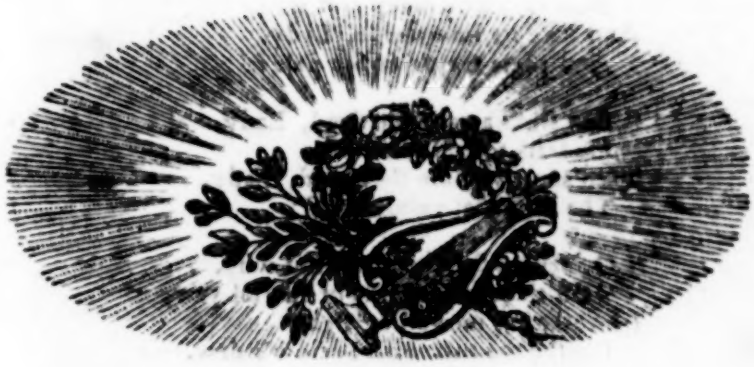
JUN



The Apollonian Wreath.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

[With an elegant Engraving.]

"GREEN grows the sod, and fair the flow'r,
Whose unobtrusive charms are spread,
At ev'ning's melancholy hour,
Where my true love is lowly laid.

"And liquid pearls the sod adorn,
And soft the yellow moon-beams sleep;
And angel harps are heard to mourn
Where my true love is buried deep.

"With tears I'll bid them all farewell;
The turf so green, the flow'r so fair;
Then seek yon cloister'd walks, to dwell
A penitential mourner there."

"Now peace be with thee, fair Lady,
Who thus, with solemn dread,
Print'st, with no sacrilegious step,
The mansions of the dead.

"O why at this lone hour, Lady,
Com'st thou, thy melting plaint
In Night's dull ear to pour, Lady,
And wander and lament?

"Who sleeps beneath this sod, Lady,
That thus you weep and wail,
And love its lone abode, Lady,
And press the primrose pale?

"Can sighs awake the dead, Lady,
Or tears to life recall?
Then say, why are they shed, Lady,
The tears that vainly fall?"

"O, rev'rend father! ask not why,
'Mid these lone walks of fun'ral yew,
I breathe the unavailing sigh,
I bathe the turf with Sorrow's dew.

"The sacred drops that dim these eyes
Must ever fall, and fall in vain:
For there the truest lover lies,
The victim of my cold disdain.

"But well my sufferings shall atone,
And well my prayers for pardon plead;
And Heav'n may look with pity down,
And Mercy yet may intercede.

"Be mine repentant pangs to prove,
In some lone cell, till life decay;
And thou, my dear departed love,
Shall beckon to the realms of day."

"Yet, Lady, ere that come to pass,
Thou many a happy day shalt see;
And hear again the soothing strain
Of Love—and 'Benedicite!'

"For ere the lark begin its flight
On high, the rising day to greet,
The grave shall give thee up its dead,
And thou thy love again shalt meet."

"O, father! say, in pity say,
What myst'ry do thy words conceal?
I long have pin'd, to grief a prey,
But have not yet forgot to feel."

"I throw aside my staff and cloak,
And clasp thee to my beating heart:
'Tis done—the pow'rful spell is broke—
We never, never more shall part!"

Craig delin. Ilkpwood sculp.

"Who' sleeps beneath this sod, lady,
That thus you weep and wail,
And love its lone abode, lady,
And prefs the primrose pale?"

P. 350

Published March 1st 1804 by Verner & Hood Poultry

BRITISH MUSEUM
JUN

ST. LEONARD'S WOOD.

"COME on, thou coward—slave, come on;
Let good or ill betide,
I swear by th' Mass of Holy John,
Thro' Leonard's Wood I'll ride."

"Stop, stop, Sir Knight! dear master, stay,
Nor rashly tempt your fate;
O chuse some longer, safer way,
To reach your castle gate.

"Avoid St. Leonard's fatal Wood,
If e'er you hope to see
Your lady dear, or children good,
Come prattling round your knee."

"Beshrew me, but thou talkest well,
And much thou seem'st to know;
Yet, should to-morrow ring my knell,
Thro' Leonard's Wood I'll go.

"Do thou return, if thou dost fear
The forest wild to pass:
Thy way is plain; the moon shines clear
Across the dewy grass."

"No, brave Sir Knight, since you're resolv'd
Thro' Leonard's Wood to ride,
My fate with yours shall be involv'd,
For I'll not quit your side."

Then on they spurr'd their coal-black steeds,
Like light'ning swift they flew,
And soon beyond the lonely meads
The Wood arose to view.

Now to the place as they drew near,
The moon was sinking fast;
The night grew chill, the prospect drear,
And hollow sigh'd the blast.

And as they enter'd Leonard's Wood,
A piercing scream was heard;
The rugged path seem'd smear'd with blood,
And flitting forms appear'd.

But still the Knight disdain'd to turn,
Tho' Hubert urg'd him sore;
For now the forest seem'd to burn,
And loud the blast did roar.

"O turn, Sir Knight! good master, pray!
Nor rashly tempt your fate;
But chuse some longer, safer way,
To reach your castle gate."

In vain he spoke, he begg'd in vain,
The Knight rode fearless on,
When soon they heard the screams again,
And voices howl'd, "Begone!

"Begone, rash Knight! thy path retrace,
Nor think this Wood t' explore.
No mortal yet has pass'd this place—
Begone! or thou'rt no more!"

"No fiends my purpose shall delay,
Or check my firm intent:
Thro' Leonard's Wood I'll take my way,
Before the night is spent."

Then on he push'd, for nought he fear'd,
Whilst Hubert shook with fright;
For suddenly a gulf appear'd,
In which plung'd horse and Knight.

Shrieking he fell!—his bones did crash!
Deeply he groan'd, and died;
Whilst demons howl'd, "Turn, mortal rash!
"Lest thou lie by his side."

Soon Hubert did his steps retrace,
With horror and affright,
Nor stopt till he regain'd the place
Where first he urg'd the Knight.

With hurried pace he sought his home,
No more from it to stray,
No more with daring Knights to roam,
Who madly chuse their way.

But with his wife he loves to sit,
And ponder on past days;
In fancy see the shadows flit,
The lonely forest blaze.

And oft he to his wond'ring mate
Recounts the demons' yells;
Tells of his master's dreadful fate,
And shudders as he tells.

SUSAN.

THE CHILD OF WOE.

OH! listen, strangers, to my tale,
Nor harshly chide me so;
Oh! let each accent mild prevail,
For piercing blows the wint'ry gale,
To chill the Child of Woe.

Soon as the breath of life I drew,
Each joy became my foe,
Each pleasure from the mansion flew;
My mother died, and left to you
Her orphan'd Child of Woe.

For widow'd soon, her gentle heart,
By love well taught to glow,
Broke, as to me she did impart
A being, fraught with Sorrow's smart,
A life weigh'd down with woe.

Oh! strangers, hear this weak appeal!
Soft Mercy's boon bestow!
My pray'rs shall bless you when I kneel,
For heav'n to those will plenty deal
Who aid the Child of Woe.

October 4th, 1805. J. M. L.

SONG.

I SWEAR BY THE GODS.

I SWEAR by the gods to adore my Eliza
Whilst the current of life shall continue to flow;
I swear by the sun, and the moon, that I'll prize her
Till this bosom no longer with passion can glow!

Then why should she ever distrust an affection
Inspir'd by a perfect assemblage of charms?
Could my heart be expos'd to the dear girl's inspection,
With transport Eliza would fly to my arms!

No more let those eyes be expressive of sorrow;
Let confidence banish timidity's fears:
Away to the kirk—and I swear that to-morrow
I'll pledge her that love which shall grow with our years!

THE NURSE AND THE NEWSPAPER;

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE

TO A PLAY REPRESENTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Ipswich Lying-in Charity.

WRITTEN BY MRS. J. COBBOLD.

The Scene draws, and discovers an old Nurse rocking a Cradle; a Table near her, with Bottles, Baskets, and a Newspaper upon it.

HUSH! pretty darling, hush!—Bye, bye, bye, bye,
There's a good child. So now it does not cry.
What, shall I sing a song, or story try at,
To keep this little helpless bantling quiet?
It will not, on an honest Nurse's conscience,
Be the first baby that was lull'd with nonsense.
Young Master sleeps; his caps are neatly laid,
His victuals ready, and the caudle made.
What shall I do the minutes to amuse?
Why, though no *Scholard*, I can read the News:—
But can I understand it?—No; I fear
There's nothing in *my way* to study there.
Well, let me see:
(Putting on her Spectacles, and taking up the Paper.)
Dear! dear! who could have thought it?
What's here?—All News, as pat as if I'd bought it.
'Labour!' 'Deliv'rance!' now, by my discretion,
In ev'ry line a touch at my profession! *(Reads.)*
"We hear, from Boulogne, that the num'rous fry
"Of rafts, sloops, brigs, and gun-boats, are *laid by:*
"The troops, that late were *groaning* for invasion,
"Are *crying out* upon a new occasion:
"And they who Britain's valour dar'd disparage,
"Find all their boastings end in—*a miscarriage.*"
Why aye, that's right! but England, free and hearty,
Laugh'd always at their threats, and Bonaparte. *(Reads.)*
"Now, *big* with just revenge, the *teeming* North
"Collects her forces, *brings* her myriads *forth;*
"She finds that France in lawless sway *increases;*
"That Italy is *falling all to pieces:*
"Such *times give birth* to more than common zeal,
"And Austria *labours* for the public weal,
"To fix a lasting peace on balanc'd pow'r,
"And bless all Europe with a *happy hour.*"
My stars! how joyous folks will drink and sing!
I'll take a thimble-full to—"Bless the King!"
(Reads.)
"Vain are the plots the foe to Freedom *bred;*
"His projects *prettily are brought to bed:* "Soon

" Soon may the hour be *pregnant* with his doom,
" And the Usurper find *his time is come.*"
Lord! Lord! I think the World is *lying-in!*
What's next?—O! here advertisements begin;
So, to proceed with decent regularity——
(Reads.)
" The annual Meeting of the Ipswich Charity
" Maintain'd by mod'rate weekly contribution"—
Aye, this I know: a glorious Institution!
That soothes the hour with pain and grief opprest,
And makes, by timely aid, the cottage blest.
What honest heart but would rejoice to say,
This charity is *in a thriving way?*
Still rich in kind protectors, may it flourish,
And Britain's hardier sons and daughters nourish.
I'm sure I wish it well, and so for certain,
Do all our worthy friends behind the curtain.
(To the Audience.)
Then, since 'tis your applause our *pangs* beguiles,
Since our delights are *cradled* in your smiles,
Assist our *labours*, *hush to rest* our errors,
And give us *safe deliv'ry* from our terrors.

TO SIR F—— D——,

On his leaving England.

TO thee, whose social converse chear'd
The dreary winter's night,
Whom languor fled, as thou appear'd,
This sad adieu I write.

Farewell, my friend, if I may claim
The joy to call you so;
May happiness, great as your fame,
Attend you where you go.

And as on foreign shores you stray,
With friends and kindred blest,
May one kind thought incline this way,
And on our mansion rest.

May those who now your converse share,
Whose gain is our great loss,
Permit you to my earnest prayer
Again the seas to cross.

Then soon as genial spring appears,
You'll come, no more to roam;
No more adieus will greet your ears,
But *heart-felt* welcomes home.

SUSAN.

FEMALE MERIT.

NO hero, or well-fought campaigns,
I celebrate in pompous strains;
Nor beauteous features, which surprise,
And draw each wond'ring gazer's eyes;
A humbler, juster theme of praise,
Far better suits my humble lays:
A maid of no illustrious birth,
Distinguish'd most by modest worth,
Deserves a greater, nobler fame,
Than war can yield, or beauty claim.
Exterior charms she does possess,
But none, perhaps, can prize them less.
Remote she lives from splendid show;
Her prospects small, her station low:
And tho' of parents long bereft,
Is thankful for the blessings left.
Ye fair, who rounds of fashion tread,
Vain of your blooming "white and red,"
A moment from the toilet spare,
And her pursuits with yours compare.

Maidstone,
Oct. 2, 1805.

R. A.

SONG,

IN THE STYLE OF ANACREON.

ANACREON was a shameful fellow,
Blending women with his wine;
And the rogue, whenever *mellow*,
Vow'd they were alike divine!

Wine, 'tis true, expands the feeling;
But a woman acts as soul:
Beauty's charms are past revealing,
And attracteth like the pole.

Trembling like the steel that's pointed,
Still towards our pole we turn;
And the more we're disappointed,
Stronger does our passion burn.

ART

ART AND NATURE.

BY W——. S——.

'TIS said, that once upon a time,
(So tales begin, and so my rhyme,)
Nature held high dispute with Art,
Which had most pow'r upon the heart.
They each agreed, to end debate,
A lovely maiden to create,
Endow'd with their respective charms,
To fill the soul with Love's alarms.
Obedient to each high command,
Two female forms before them stand.
Art flew for lightning to the skies,
And plac'd it in her daughter's eyes:
But Nature, tender and sincere,
Taught hers to shed soft Pity's tear.
While Art, from her abundant store,
Her fav'rite's cheeks vermillion'd o'er,
Another method Nature chose;
In her's she plac'd the blushing rose.
Art wander'd through Arabia's plain,
Each richest, costliest gum to gain;
She rifled ev'ry region o'er,
And left Ambara's valley poor;
Then with her gather'd sweets she hied,
To grace the object of her pride.
Such gales as kiss the daisied meads,
When spring the jocund hours leads,
When ev'ry object, grown more gay,
Joins to hail returning May,
Through even rows of pearly teeth
Nature taught her child to breathe.
A neck that caught the gazer's sight,
As alabaster, cold and white,
Where symmetry's extremest point
Was tortur'd into ev'ry joint—
Rising from a snowy breast,
The sculptor's curious art confest—
Such Art bestow'd upon her child,
While indignant Nature smil'd.
A spotless skin, of fairest hue,
With veins of sky, eye-tinctur'd blue;
A bosom which conceal'd a heart
That bore in ev'ry pang a part,
And throbb'd responsive to each groan,
Soft Nature bade her child to own.
Next Art to Persia's regions flew,
From thence the richest silks she drew:

Transparent

Transparent emeralds she sought;
The Ceylon ruby, too, she brought;
Golconda's richest mine explor'd,
To add the di'mond to her hoard;
And on her idol she bestow'd
The curious, costly, cumbrous load;
While youth, simplicity, and ease,
Gave Nature's daughter pow'r to please.
Thus deck'd, each mother gave her charge,
Before she set her child at large.
"Now go, (said Art,) and let your eyes
"Fill each beholder with surprise;
"Go—be but seen—without controul,
"You'll lord it o'er the human soul;
"Before your feet you'll daily see
"Unnumber'd captives bow the knee:
"But let them drag a hopeless chain,
"And sigh, and swear, and rave in vain."
In humbler accents, Nature said,
"Be not of yonder form afraid:
"Perhaps she'll wound the fopling's heart;
"Be yours, my dear, a nobler part:
"The trifling conquests of her eyes
"Are such as all your sex despise
"But if some tender youth you find,
"In whom good sense to virtue's join'd,
"Within whose open, generous breast,
"Dissimulation cannot rest,
"Of him a worthy conquest make;
"He'll love my child for Nature's sake:
"In him no short-liv'd flame you'll fear;
"Where virtue dwells, the soul's sincere."

The Retrospect of Life; or, the one Thing valuable.

RICHES, chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honour lulls us while we live,
Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.
Is there nothing worth our care?
Time, and chance, and death, our foes;
If our joys so fleeting are,
Are we only ty'd to woes?
Let Religion answer, No;
Her eternal powers prevail,
When honours, riches cease to flow,
And beauty, mirth and pleasure fail.

ANACREON.

ANACREON, ODE XIII.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

IF the treasur'd gold could give
Man a longer time to live,
I'd employ my utmost care
Still to keep, and still to spare;
And, when Death approach'd, would say,
'Take thy fee, and walk away.'
But since riches cannot save
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why should I myself deceive?
Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will surely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.
Give me freely whilst I live
Generous wines, in plenty give
Soothing joys my life to chear,
Beauty kind, and friends sincere;
Happy, could I ever find
Friends sincere, and beauty kind.

ENIGMA.

YE Bards, well skill'd in enigmatic lore;
Ye puzzling wits, who mysteries explore;
Ye poring sages, who shut out the day,
Attend my strain, and listen to my lay.
When the Creator spoke the potent word,
The jarring elements the mandate heard,
And quick obey'd: from thence I date my birth,
The genuine offspring of my parent Earth.
When gath'ring clouds obscure the face of day,
And forked light'nings thro' the welkin play;
Hoarse thunders rattle, and loud tempests roar,
And foaming waves indignant lash the shore;
The billows which inclose the finny fry,
Sink far beneath, then mounting, kiss the sky;
Behold me seated on the billow's brow,
Mount when it mounts, and with it sink below;
Ride safely on the surface of the wave,
Its rage deride, and all its threat'nings brave.
But should Old Ocean, smitten with my charms,
By force inclose me in his humid arms;
In wat'ry darkness wrap my hapless head,
And drag me downward to his oozy bed,

I in

I in an instant 'scape his moist embrace,
And with a bound regain my former place.
But marvel not I triumph o'er the wave:
I boast a power superior to the grave.
The leaden coffin, and the marble tomb,
Triumphs o'er wither'd age, and youthful bloom;
But only what is mortal can confine;
Then say, what is their pow'r compar'd with mine?
For even spirits themselves, as people tell,
Confin'd by me, in murky caverns dwell;
Nor magic spell, nor fell enchanter's charm,
Can rescue from the power of my arm.
But say, what power below the skies can be
From ill exempt, and from misfortune free?
A hero comes, whose power I'm doom'd to feel,
With strength Herculean, arm'd with burnish'd steel;
I struggle hard, but find resistance vain;
Transfix'd with steel, and naked on the plain
My mangled body lies, and fractur'd head;
My pow'r extinguish'd, and my prisoners fled.
But is no daughter of compassion nigh,
With Pity's breast, and Sorrow's dropping eye,
My cruel fate to mourn? Ah! no; for see
Around me throng the sons of mirth and glee;
With boisterous joy they make the air resound,
And spread the strains of revelry around.

A. P.

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Don-key.

II.—Bloom-field.

Correspondence, &c.

Lines sent with a "Present of a Sword," *as they contain no hint that it was to be used for the defence of the Ladies, do not seem calculated for their Museum.*

☞ *Any single Number of the Museum may be had at the Publisher's from its commencement.*